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THE WAR OF THE EAST.

ARTICLE II.—*The Rights.*

THE spirit by which an enterprise is moved, is one thing: the means of right by which it is attempted to conduct it to a term, are another: the spirit in such a case should be regarded as the axiom, the indemonstrable principle which determines the ultimate end, the immutable end of the operation; while the rights are freely adopted by whoever undertakes an affair, and used in proportion to the end which that spirit proposes. It will be useful, then, now to examine the means, after having considered already the spirit in which they are adopted.*

With this intention, it may be observed, that the Oriental question presents itself under four different aspects in four phases of progressive transformation; restricted at first to the debate upon the Holy Places, afterwards extended to the Russian protectorate by the mission of Menschikoff; then transformed into a European question by the intervention of all the ambassadors of the Powers; and finally bursting forth in a *quasi* universal war by the disaster of Sinope, by the armed intervention of England and France, and by the menacing insurrection of the Greek populations. In these four successive periods, every reader will certainly demand of us what are the rights boasted by each of the actors in the terrible tragedy: and we shall try to satisfy them in the best manner that the limits of our programme allow, limits by which politics, as we have often said, can be brought forward only as incorporated in facts,† or subtilized in theoretical principles, or enchained, and so to speak, forcibly dragged forth by religious interests. If not that these interests being equally balanced on both sides, and on both sides in danger, cannot give us an absolute bias, but rather counsel us to propose either historically or theoretically those reasons which the two contending parties promulgate in the face of Europe, as they are presented to us in the documents which appear most solid and authentic.

*The *Civiltà* here regards the rights pretended or claimed by the various Powers in the contest, as so many moral instruments by which their ultimate aim is sought to be realized.

†Alluding to the "Record" of the *Civiltà*.

But with regard to the Holy Places we think it useless to occupy our readers anew after all that has been said by the articles in reply to the *Greco-Russ* "PAROLE."* From those articles our readers will have been able to judge with what truth Col. Rose, English *chargé d'affaires* at Constantinople, has praised the moderation of Lavalette, the Envoy of France, writing at the date of January 21, 1853, that the concession obtained by the Latins in regard to the Church of Bethlehem was nothing in comparison to what they might have exacted; as Count de Nesselrode himself acknowledged in fact, according to the despatch of Sir Hamilton Seymour, English Minister at St. Petersburg, relating his interview of the 6th of April with the Chancellor of Russia. The condescension of the French Ambassador on this occasion was such, that Lord John Russell, writing to the British Ministers at Paris and Constantinople, Cowley and Rose, on the 19th of February, 1853, was forced to pronounce that he had lessened a little the dignity of France. And in truth, whoever considers that the Latins possessed by the ancient capitulations of 1740 (Art. 33) *nineteen* Sanctuaries as their exclusive property, and that in 1850 *nine* of these had passed into the hands of the Greeks, who went on continually extending their conquests, will be obliged to own that France used in defence of the Catholics, neither exorbitant demands nor violence, yielding rather even where her right to insist would have been irrefragable and evident. We pass over then, the first stage of the question, passing at once to the special scope of the mission of Menschikoff, already known to our readers, who demanded in his plan of a secret treaty, that "in order to remove all doubts and differences in regard to the rights and privileges of those who profess the greco-russ religion, that religion should be protected in all the churches; the representatives of the imperial court should have the right, as in past times, to send orders to the churches and ecclesiastics, as well in Constantinople as in other places and cities; and that its counsels should be well received as proceeding from a neighboring and friendly government." In making such a demand of the Divan, the first support invoked by Russia is the treaty of Kainardgi, and this in fact is invoked anew in the last *Memorandum* inserted in the Journal of St. Petersburg of the 1st of February, (3d of March in the Gregorian Calendar): where: "the demand of Menschikoff (it is said) contained nothing new or threatening to the security of the Sultan, being supported by treaties in which the Turks promised to protect the religion and the churches of the Greeks. In insisting for the maintenance of their privileges secured *ab antiquo*, nothing was asked but what was already implied in the treaty of Kainardgi." Such is the special foundation offered by the *Memorandum* in favor of its cause.

Even without having under their eye the entire text of that treaty, which, says De Hammer,† was to serve henceforth as a base to all the relations between Russia and the Porte, the opponents will be enabled to observe that the very phrase of the *Memorandum* shows some hesitation in maintaining its own right; since it is not pretended that the Menschikoff note demanded the same thing which the treaty conceded, but that which was judged to be *implicitly* contained in it. Now the force of a right declared in an agreement is one thing, that of a right which one only of the parties judges to be implied in it, is another. But the very words of the treaty, cited in the *Revue des deux mondes*, demonstrate that the demands of the Russian ambassador far exceed the convention of Kainardgi; since in art. 7, "the Porte promises to protect the Christian religion and its churches, and it shall

* A brochure so entitled, which was answered at length in the *Civiltà*.

† DE HAMMER. *Histoire de l'Empire Ottoman*. p. 636.

be allowed to the ministers of Russia to remonstrate in favor of the new church spoken of in art. 14." And lo! the text of that art. 14:—"Besides the chapel erected in the house of the minister, it is permitted to the Court of Russia, to build in Galata, in the street Bey-Oglou, a public Church of the Greek rite, which shall be always under the protection of the Russian Minister, and defended from all, &c." If these and nothing else are the expressions of the treaty of Kainardgi, (the complete text of which we have not been able to find) the adversaries of Russia will sustain that the sense of the Menschikoff note is not implied in it, it being one thing for the Porte to promise itself to protect the Christians and the churches, another for it to concede to a foreign minister to give them orders: it being equally one thing that this minister should be permitted to protect a temple built by himself, another that he should be able to extend an efficacious protection every where. The text, then, of the treaty, and the sense which it implies, did not oblige the Porte to yield to the ambassador.

The latter, however, the *Memorandum* would resume, could invoke in favor of Russia another right, in the affinity between the Greek and the Russian schism: which certainly gives Russia a great influence in Turkey, an influence, however, which cannot, according to the expression of the *Memorandum*, be called a political protectorate. Now what value has such a right in the eye of reason?

In the view of a Catholic it is clear that there cannot be conceded a *right to protect a schism*, since there cannot be a right to protect that which has no right to exist. But since it is one thing to protect a schism against the Church, and another to protect the schismatics against the Turk, let us exclude for a moment the theological reason of the case, and reducing the question to one of pure international right, let us ask if it be the right of a Prince to protect his own religion in a foreign country. In such a question our principles are already known to our readers. Assuming the truth of the religion, and consequently the unity of the Church in which all the faithful are brethren, we cannot see how one of those brethren who is more powerful, can be forbidden to fly to the succor of a brother oppressed, without violating the sentiments of nature and of religion.

If the religion of the Russians were true and legitimate, the right could not be denied him to intervene in favor of the faithful oppressed: and since in reasoning of a pure natural right, we must suppose adhesion to a true religion and not to a false, the universal principle on which Russia rests, could not, *abstractly speaking*, be refuted. But take notice, that in this case, as in a thousand others, excluding Catholic institutions and retaining what they presuppose, renders that perilous and pernicious which was instituted by the Divine Founder of the Church for the security and advantage of the nations.

When the Redeemer called them all into one fold, he did not establish as its only pastor a Czar followed by 500,000 bayonets, but a weak old man followed by the successors of those apostles who were sent to unite the nations by their teachings and not by arms.* Now under the guidance of such a shepherd the Catholic Princes who profess themselves his sons, can hardly abuse this right of protection, which they are bound to interpret not at their own pleasure, but according to the form of Roman teaching: which is officially obliged, prompted by justice, counselled by interest, never to permit that a Christian Prince, under pretence of protecting, should destroy the peace of the Christians in an unbelieving country, and the equilibrium of the Catholic Powers in the bosom of the Church.

* Docete omnes gentes.

In such a condition of society, the right which religion concedes of protecting the oppressed brethren, does not *per se* conduct to irreparable disorders and violence. But the Russian Church being *Protestantized*, as we have seen, under the subjection of the lay power, the Czar at the head of his armies is constituted the judge of the need of his co-religionists, and arbiter of the assistance that he pleases to afford them. The lots being placed in a hand materially so robust, every one sees that it is most easy for persecution to be discovered in every little altercation, for religion to be found the continual cause of such differences, for the defence of religion to exceed by far the assault made upon it, and to arrive at last at the defence of those who do not ask, rather fear to be defended. With such and so menacing a prospect, what wonder that the Russian protectorate has terrified the Sultan? This protectorate, it is said, is not political. Grant that is not in the intentions of the reigning Emperor; but his intentions do not change the nature of things. The patriarchs, by the present constitution of Turkey, are the supreme magistrates of the Christian nations; so that to leave Russia the right to send her orders to the churches and to obtain their execution, would be to concede to her the sovereignty over three-fourths of the population in European Turkey: a necessary consequence of that schismatical transformation by which Christianity in Russia, becoming *national*, ceased to be Catholic. The Catholic Powers, too, France, Austria, sometimes take under their protection the Christians of the Levant: but the last do not on that account become in the eyes of the Turks, Austrians, or French, because the existence of Catholicism is independent of the respective nationalities, although it embraces them all: on the contrary, the Russian schism being essentially under the dominion of the Czar, constitutes at once a religious communion and a national communion. The Catholic protection, therefore, takes by its own nature a religious aspect; the Russian protectorate takes a political aspect: nor can the principles which militate in favor of Catholic princes be applied without grave inconveniences to the totally different situation of a schismatical sovereign.

The reasons deduced both from the treaty of Kainardgi and from similarity of religion, belong to the second stage of the question, which was debated between Prince Menschikoff and the Porte. But of a different nature still were those which constrained the Western Powers to intervene, and transported the question to the European field.

The independence of the Ottoman Empire, by force of the treaty of Vienna and of others which followed it, is become a part of that European equilibrium, on which, in default of the moral security of loyalty, reposes in our days the tranquillity of Europe. All the European Powers, then, feel the ground rock under their feet, from the moment they suspect that the pressure of the colossal power of Russia may destroy the independence of the Porte; resting on those treaties, the Western Powers have therefore thought themselves justified in opposing the note of Prince Menschikoff, and in sustaining Turkey in her independence. To this right the *Memorandum* opposes the repeated protestations of the Czar that he rejects all idea of conquest, that he occupies the Principalities but temporarily, that he wishes merely to acquire a moral force with a view to ulterior negotiations. Thus the *Memorandum*, which concedes, without perceiving it, that very point which principally stimulates the Western Powers to the war, viz: that Russia wishes to acquire a moral force which would destroy the equilibrium among the European Powers; that she wishes, in fine, that which we shall see, in its proper place, to have been proposed by Nesselrode to the Grand Duke Constantine in the

memorial of 1850, that Turkey shall not be able to *will* or *nil* except what Russia *wills* or *nils*. The Western Powers will not, therefore, hold for good and effective the Russian protestations of not desiring a conquest. Turkey, too, will ask if it can be called negotiating between friendly powers to secure one's triumph beforehand, by the pledge of two provinces invaded with peace on the lips. A contract *de re honesta* ought to leave liberty to the contracting parties; now what is my liberty in contracting, when to make sure of the justice of the future contract, you begin by invading my territory contrary to all justice? What sort of contract would he make who should first take your purse and then ask an alms?

Such are the reasons which Turkey can oppose. Then as to the confidence which the *Memorandum* pretends ought to be shewn by the Western Powers, it seems greater than can be demanded not merely by justice, but even by equity: nor certainly are political affairs wont to be conducted in that manner, wherein, forsooth, the contracting governments are not proprietors who dispose of their own property, but guardians who defend the interests of the nations they govern. A proprietor may well *confide*, as it is lawful for him to risk what is his own; but the guardian cannot in good faith risk the interests of his ward. The whole question, then, is reduced to knowing whether the confidence of the Western Powers in the loyalty of Russia would not expose the European nations to any peril, in the case that that Power wished to deceive them: or, in other words, whether the warlike demonstrations of Russia were such, that in case she wished to violate her faith given, she could preclude every means of resistance on the part of the Powers opposed. So long as Russia did not acquire such a preponderance *de facto*, confidence might be laudable. But if Russia, even before the repulse given to her ambassador, prepared, in order to give greater force to his embassy, means to frustrate all opposition on the part of the Western Powers, we see not how she could exact from them an unlimited confidence in her own loyalty, be it even supposed sincere and unalterable by the good will of the Czar: above all when we reflect on the constant traditions of Russian policy, and especially upon the political testament of Peter the Great, and the memorial of the Minister Pozzo-di-Borgo, which will be cited in the following article.

Hence is refuted also the reason which is wont to be drawn from the fact that the Russians are Christians, the Turks unbelievers. When a Frederick II took into his pay those Mahometans who have left *Nocera** the surname of *Pagan*, in order to march against the Pope, if the other Christian princes had been able to deprive him of such auxiliaries by captivating for themselves the friendship of the Sultan, would you have accused them of leaguings with the infidels against a Christian prince? Now this is precisely the situation of the Western Powers while they oppose themselves to the aggrandizement of a prince who openly professes a desire to engage the Sultan to himself in order to promote the omnipotence of schism: they draw to themselves *pagan auxiliaries*, who, become vassals of Russia, would close the East to the Catholics and threaten the West.

A greater force might be attributed in the *Memorandum* to the reasons drawn from former examples. The burning of the Turkish fleet at Navarino was the work of England and France, who declared themselves at peace with Turkey: France was at peace with the Pope when Col. Cubières occupied Ancona, and

* *Nocera dei Pagani* (Nocera of the Pagans) a pretty town of the kingdom of Naples, back of the mountains of Sorrentum — famous for its vineyards, where the vines are trained on lofty elms, and for the abundance of their purple harvest. — Ed. MET.

England was at peace with Greece when she blockaded the Piræus and seized its ships as a pledge. What wonder that Russia takes in pledge the Danubian provinces?

We know not what will be answered to such arguments *ad hominem*: but certainly if, deploring the acts of injustice past, it should be answered that these ought not to serve as a rule for the future, the reply might heal the principles of international policy, and initiate in this an epoch of justice and good faith for which all right minds cannot do less than sigh. But as on the other hand diplomacy rarely makes an act of contrition, even for Easter, we suppose that it will rather be answered, that the pledge seized against one's own debtor ought to be such as to inflict no injury on a third party: and that all the European Powers are injured when without their consent a territory is invaded which they have guaranteed to Turkey, not so much for the good of that Power as for the tranquillity of Europe.

The *Memorandum* next invokes the authority of its adversaries themselves, who in so many notes and counter-notes, wherewith the Congress of Vienna endeavored to pacify the controversy, never denied Russia its right to a satisfaction for past wrongs and a guarantee to the Greeks against wrongs future. To which the adversaries will reply with Lord Redcliffe (Letter to Prince Menschikoff, *Pera*, May 8, 1853): that they had at first presumed greater discretion in the demands of Russia, nor could they anticipate the exorbitant claims more recently manifested; and that it is usual for every friendly arbiter not to deny point-blank those pretensions which are put forward by each of the litigants as unalterable conditions of a reconciliation, without intending thereby to concede their reasonableness as a thing beyond all doubt.

The final argument of the Russian *Memorandum* brings us to the *fourth* stage of the question, by sustaining that the first infractions of the pacts were initiated by the Western Powers: whose proceedings related at length, according to its own sense, by the *Memorandum*, are concluded therein by saying, that the controversy has arrived at its present extremity, because the allied Powers have presupposed from the beginning the ambition of the Czar, and proceeding from step to step, have rendered it impossible for all parties to recede.

To this argument the adversaries reply by a comparison of dates which we will insert in the note, in the words of the *Revue des deux mondes*:* from which they intend to prove, that Russia provoked the war, that the Western Powers were provoked to it in spite of all their reluctance.

* Engaged perhaps imprudently at the outset in this strife, Russia has plunged herself into it irretrievably by her obstinacy. . . . On the 14th of May, 1853, M. de Nesselrode at St. Petersburg still declared that all was finished. Now what was Prince Menschikoff doing at that time in Constantinople? He was laying down an imperious ultimatum; he declared his mission ended on the 18th of May, and on the 21st he quitted Constantinople. Thus it has been from the commencement down to the moment when Russia, changing her language without quitting the path of subterfuge, has been fain to say that she acts under an exaggerated pressure of Europe. Was it the pressure of Europe then, which led to the ultimatum of Menschikoff? Is it by the mission of the fleets to Renika, ordered and notified on the 2d of June, that we are to explain the invasion of the principalities announced on the 31st of May by M. Nesselrode in his letter to Pechir Pacha? Is it the presence of our fleets in the Bosphorus which could provoke the attack of Sinope? and, in a word, was the presence of Europe exercised to any degree when the mission of Prince Menschikoff to Constantinople coincided with the military preparations on the Pruth and the naval armaments of Russia in the ports of the Black Sea? — (*Revue*, p. 1051).

Such are the chief arguments which are presented on both sides, scattered in various articles, but principally in the Russian *Memorandum* and the *Revue des deux mondes*; the value of which we remit to the judgment of our readers, who will be able to confront the dates variously cited by the two contending parties, in the Record of the *Civiltà* for 1853: it being understood that in the distance in which we find ourselves from St. Petersburg, and in the consequent inability to hear its reclamations except in the columns, sometimes not free from suspicion, of the Western journals, we remit to their equity the ultimate sentence, exhorting them to preserve so much suspense in the judgments of the intellect, than an access to the Tribunal may remain open to both parties, if they should pretend to allege new documents in favor of their cause.

While this cause is carried before the tribunal of all Europe, lo! starts up from the mountainous regions of Epirus and Thessaly a third litigant who hopes perchance from the conflict of the other two to draw some unexpected advantages; concerning whom our readers will also desire to know what are his rights, certainly meriting as well as the others to be pondered. The Greeks, can they vaunt some sort of right against the Turkish oppression? Are they enemies repressed, who rise again, or impatient subjects who rebel? Has prescription a place in political affairs? and if it has, is it found in the constitution of the Byzantine empire, or does it affix its seal to the Mussulman conquests? And that war which the crusades formerly waged, is it become unlawful since the discomfiture of Lepanto, since the treaty of Westphalia, since the Hatti-Scherif of Mahmond, and the successive reforms of Abdul-Medjid? Here are many problems to excite the curiosity of some readers, and in regard to which the development of theoretical principles, with some sample of their historical application, might be pleasing; we, looking at the limits of an article, shall touch only the principal points.

And starting from that great fact of the crusades which for the Voltairians of the past century was a theme so fruitful in reproaches and blasphemous declamation, down to 1821: and which at that epoch became in the mouths of the Philhellenists so dear an argument against the retrogrades who were averse to the tumults of rebels; starting, we say, from this fact: what is, we ask, the basis on which Christianity rested, when periodically at the voice now of an hermit, now of a monk, now of a prince, now of a pontiff, it rose suddenly in arms *as one man*, and hurled itself with so marvellous enthusiasm upon the Mussulman ranks? There is not a reader who does not already know the usual answer of calumnious impiety, triumphantly repeated by all the *theophobic* historians with that leaven of irony, sarcasm, contumely, derision, wherein the addition is a thousand times more than the lump. "The barbarous and gothic ignorance of the middle ages precipitated itself," they say, "upon the East to convert the Turks at the point of the sword." And here tears, and lamentations and regrets over the religious intolerance of Catholicism, which unchained that ferocity, blessed that scimitar and spilled that blood. You, gentle reader, who are already accustomed to purify this sort of falsehoods with a good forty days in quarantine, will understand that the Catholic doctrines of the middle ages are to be fished up from quite other documents than in Raynal, in Voltaire, and Montesquieu: nor will it displease you consequently to see them here reduced to a severe formula by that angelic hand which, *performing* (according to the expression of a Pope) *as many miracles as it wrote articles*, seemed to dictate the code of Catholic theology. Hear, then, what was in this matter the doctrine of the middle age.

The Doctor of Aquinas in the XIIIth century demands if it be lawful to propagate the Gospel by the sword, compelling the unbelievers to the faith; and he first distinguishes two sorts of unbelievers: the one like the Pagans and Jews, who never voluntarily embrace the faith; the others like heretics and apostates, who, having given their word to the Church, have obliged themselves following Christ to obey her. These certainly ought not to be suffered to fail in their word given. But in regard to the first "*ON NO ACCOUNT ought they to be forced to embrace the faith*: they ought, however, to be compelled by the faithful, as far as it is in the power of the latter, not to impede the faith by blasphemies, by evil persuasions, or open persecutions. And this is why," pursues the holy Doctor, "the faithful often wage war against the infidels, not to constrain them to believe (which is not even attempted after the victory, each prisoner being free to believe or disbelieve), but only to constrain them not to impede the conversion or perseverance of those who freely adhere to the Gospel."

In which connection, the holy Doctor, recalling by way of objection certain passages of the Gospel, and the doctrines of SS. Chrysostom and Augustine, repeated to-day by many in favor of political toleration, answers his own objection by various passages from St. Augustine himself, who retracts his former opinion, convinced, he says, by facts, of the utility of compulsion, and from the necessity that an Absalom perish lest he should overthrow the whole house of David.*

Such were the doctrines of the middle ages briefly summed in rigorous formula by the most exact and most accurate head that the scholastic theology ever dwelt in: and starting from the basis of this doctrine, it was easy to infer the crusades as a practical consequence by this argument. "War is lawful against the unbelievers, when they violently impede the profession of Catholicity in him who has embraced or desires to embrace it: now to use violence against Catholicism is, among the Mussulmans, not only a continuous *fact*, with so many slaves of their piracy, but rather a living *duty* in force of that Koran which at this hour they inviolably profess: therefore war against them is for Christians a perennial right, interrupted only by truces or armistices, by pacts which suspend hostilities without destroying the state of war, and the right consequently to resume them, when the pacts are fulfilled." We candidly confess that this argument seems to us in itself irrefragable, whatever may have been the excesses which in practice have rendered the conduct of the crusades culpable and barbarous, drawing upon their heads those maledictions of Heaven with which they were before menaced by the Pontiffs, and which rendered abortive the gigantic efforts of Christianity.

But does this question remain to-day under the same conditions as respects the Turks? One of the conditions is certainly and strangely altered, since, eclipsed at Lepanto, the Ottoman Crescent has become impotent against the European civilization. Nor is there, we believe, a man of sense who fears the fall of Europe by a Mussulman invasion. But if the peril of civilization is past, does habitual persecution at least endure in the Mahometan States? Not even this can be said, answers the illustrious Le Normant, discussing the question of the East: the Christian populations are henceforth freed from fear: "There are in general no

* If the subject-matter permitted us (says the *Civiltà* in a note) we would here point out how the doctrine of the Doctor of Hippo admits reasonable limits in what the moderns call intolerance. [The long and short of which is, that to be tolerated in the profession of an error is not a natural right, but it may be an acquired one, which could not be violated without gross injustice. — Ed. MET.]

arbitrary executions, there is no example of a rich man despoiled of his fortune." Behold then, a first difference which removes from the present case the application of those principles which determined the enterprises of the crusaders: Turkey is not to-day either so persecuting that she afflicts, nor so powerful that she menaces Christianity.

But suppose her the same as in the time of Mahomet II, is it the same international right which governs the European nations? Miserably torn into a thousand irreligious parties, they have agreed among themselves to banish religion from all the diplomatic relations; and this apostasy has equalized the Cabinet of Constantinople with those of the other European powers, who have no longer found in Mahometan infidelity any reason which should forbid their treating with the Turk on a footing of parity. Peaces, not truces, confederacies, alliances have been formed a hundred times with the Porte, which has been in such guise invited to the banquet of European civilization. Shall we after so many pledges of friendship treat it still as an enemy? And were it such in truth, shall we deny, with a rigorism unknown to the middle age, that there survives even in war a certain right, and that pacts are sacred, even in the presence of enemies?

The rights, then, of Christianity against the Turk, present themselves now under quite a different aspect from the middle age; as well by the cessation of hostility and loss of power in the Mussulman government, as by the political indifference embraced by the governments of Europe. And lo! the reason why, while the Muscovite pope is inflamed with that zeal which the French minister reproves as interested and inconsistent, and from religious zeal is turning Christianity upside-down, the Vicar of Jesus Christ, heir of heavenly meekness, proceeds even towards the Sultan with forms of diplomatic urbanity animated by sincere charity, forms which widely differ from the severity displayed in the middle ages by the promoters of the crusades.

But if the respective conditions are changed between the European powers and the Porte, is that oppression changed which might appear to some to authorize the insurrection of the Greek population against the Mussulman oppressor? The Greek nation could never mix with its conquerors: continuing in the separation it protested perpetually against the yoke: the perpetual protest kept alive the right to shake off the yoke, and the state of *quasi*-perpetual war. Then on the part of the Greeks at least survives the right of revolt.

Thus reason those for whom insurrection is a right, massacres are a jest, tumult a hope: and these certainly do not grasp the scales of Themis there to weigh the decisions before rushing to arms and imbruing their hands in blood. They think they have a right to suffer nothing, and to shake every yoke off their backs as soon as they feel its weight, and feel themselves strong enough to break it. But without undertaking at present to unfold our own opinion, which we reserve for the articles to be published in regard to the sovereignty of the people, all publicists who are not mere demagogues, even those who argue most in favor of the subject oppressed, all before the revolt require at least three conditions, — the public form of the deliberation, preceding remonstrances, the incorrigibility of the oppressor.

Now where in our present case is the public deliberation, which nevertheless would be so easy in the present organization of the Christian populations dominated by the Turk? The stationary forms of that semi-barbarous civilization, borrowed as they are from the ancient oriental type, have left, down to the present day, to each of the *Rajah* nations a form of government of its own under its respective Patriarch; and the Greeks, too, have a patriarch, by means of whom the

unanimous thought of the nation could be clothed with a form of public deliberation. Now who has thought of deliberating in such a form? True it is that the deliberation would be vain from the non-existence of unanimity among the Greeks, and from there being on the contrary a strong party and of the more far-seeing persons,* who comprehend to a wonder what a mistake it would be to exchange for the yoke of a powerful autocrat that most fragile one wherewith the Porte loads them with its dying hand. They comprehend that to change lords would be for them not only a riveting of their chains, but a true political and religious death, by the absorption of the Greek nation in the Slave, and of the Byzantine patriarchate in the synod of St. Petersburg. The certainty of such a future renders impossible unanimity in deliberation, unanimity in insurrection; the protest made by the schismatic patriarch against the threat of Russian protection being on the contrary notorious. Therefore the first condition of justifiable insurrection is wanting—the public form of deliberation.†

But we cannot say that remonstrances are equally wanting: which if they were not formally presented by the Greeks, for a long time have been promoted by the intervention of the European powers. But this precisely is the very reason which militates against the right of insurrection; as well because the large concessions in favor of the *rayahs* which the mediators have already obtained, show the favorable dispositions of the Sultan, the fanaticism of the *Ulemas* and the *Dervishes* resisting in vain: as because the power of the mediators would secure a still more prosperous future, even were the Sultan less willing to grant mitigations.

In such a condition of times, at the rising of an aurora so full of promise, to shroud the horizon with storms, and overwhelm society in the midst of tumults, cannot be the plan except of that infernal spirit who makes the names of patriotism and of religious zeal serve the interests of a party and the furies of impiety. In fact we have seen with joy, but without surprise, not a few facts on the part of the Catholic population, Maronites, Albanians, &c., which place in a beautiful light the fidelity of the Catholic subject to the unbelieving Lord, and prove that there yet lives in Catholicism the ancient spirit which gave the Thebans power to pour out their blood with equal generosity, now on the battle field for their country, now in martyrdom for their faith.

Such are the reasons which we have been able to abridge from the public documents of the various parties, and which we leave to the judgment of our readers, to pass to a part of our subject which is more obscure and more agreeable also, by prophesying in regard to the future hopes.

* De l'Orient par un Oriental. p. 18.

† It will not escape the notice of our readers that this condition placed by the *Civiltà* as necessary to legitimate attempts at revolution, and which has been wanting in almost all the European revolutions (we do not stop to ask why), was perfectly satisfied in our own,—which is almost the only one that has proved permanently successful or that Providence has seemed visibly to protect,—in the solemn deliberations of the first American Congress. In fact, all the conditions were present in the case of our heroic ancestors; public deliberation, prolonged and reiterated remonstrances, and an incorrigible oppressor. — Ed. MET.

THE DIALOGUES OF ST. GREGORY.—V.

CHAPTER IX.

OF BONIFACE, BISHOP OF THE CITY OF FERENTI.

GREGORY.—There was a man of devout life, Boniface by name, who, in the city of Ferenti, held the office of bishop, and adorned it by his virtues. Gaudentius the priest, who is still living, tells many miracles of him. Having been reared in his obedience, he can speak so much the more correctly, as he happened to be present at many of them. This church was in a state of great poverty, which is commonly a pledge of humility to the well disposed, and had nothing for revenue but barely one vineyard, which was one day so devastated by a storm of hail, that only a small number of the vines were left, with here and there a few poor little clusters remaining upon them. Entering then the vineyard, the most reverend Boniface returned thanks to Almighty God, for that with all his poverty, he could learn to be yet further straitened. When now the time was come for what remained of the grapes to be near their maturity, he appointed a keeper as usual, and ordered him to tend them with all vigilance; and on a certain day directed Constantius the priest, his nephew, to get ready all the casks and barrels in the house prepared with pitch as heretofore. When his nephew heard this, he was greatly astonished, as it seemed a folly to be preparing vessels for wine, when there was none to be had; nevertheless he did not presume to ask why he commanded it, but obeying the order, prepared every thing as usual. Then the man of God having entered the vineyard, gathered the clusters, bore them to the press, and ordering all to retire, remained alone with one little boy, whom he placed in the press, and made to tread out what few bunches there were. When some little wine flowed from them, he received it with his own hands in a small dish, and divided it for a blessing among all the casks and vessels, so that they seemed as if scarcely moistened by it. Immediately after this, calling the priest, he directed the poor to be summoned. Thereupon, the wine in the press began so to increase, that it filled all the vessels which the poor people had brought. When he saw these well satisfied, he ordered the boy to come down from the press, closed the building, secured it with his own seal, and shortly after retired to the church. The third day, he called the priest Constantius, and after prayer opened the storehouse, and found all the vessels into which he had poured the scanty liquor, flowing copiously with wine, so that the whole floor would have been overflowed if the bishop had entered it somewhat later. He then sternly commanded the priest that he should not make known this miracle to any one during his life; fearing truly, lest vexed with human applause, he should then be empty within, when outwardly he appeared to men great: even following the example of the Master, who, that he might shew us the way of humility, himself commanded his disciples, saying, "that the things which they had seen, they should tell to no man till the Son of Man should be risen from the dead?"

PETER.—Let me ask, since it seems not out of place, why it was, that our Redeemer, when he restored sight to the two blind men, commanded that they should tell no man, and they going forth published it abroad in all that country. Could the only begotten Son, co-eternal with the Father and the Holy Ghost, have

willed what he could not bring to pass, so that a miracle which he wished to be kept secret, could not by any means be concealed?

GREGORY. — Our Redeemer, in all that he did in the mortal body, furnished us an example for our own works, that following in his steps, according to the humble measure of our ability, we journey on with innocence the way of this present laborious life. For doing the miracle, he commanded it to be kept secret, and yet it could not be hid; that the elect forsooth following his example, in the great works which they do, should have the will to lie hid, but in order to profit others, should be discovered against their will; forasmuch as it is the part of humility to desire their works to remain secret, and of great utility that they cannot be so. Therefore, the Lord did not will any thing to be done, and was at the same time unable to accomplish it; but what his members ought to will, or what may be done with them even against their will, he has shown by the example he gave in his office of Teacher.

PETER. — I am well pleased with your discourse.

GREGORY. — Yet a little further let us pursue the acts of the Bishop Boniface. Another time then, the day of Blessed Proculus the Martyr drew nigh. In the same place dwelt a nobleman by the name of Fortunatus, who earnestly prayed the holy man that after he had celebrated the mass of the blessed Martyr, he would come to give a blessing to his house. The man of God could not in charity refuse what Fortunatus so sincerely desired. Mass therefore being finished, when he had come to the table of Fortunatus, and before he had begun to pray to God, all at once (as some are wont to get their living by their buffoonery), there stood before the door a man with his ape, and struck up his cymbals. Hearing which sound, the holy man indignantly said: "Alas! alas! the miserable creature is dead, he is dead. I come to your board, and have not yet opened my lips to bless God, and he coming with his ape, rattles his drunken cymbals." He added however and said: "Go, and for charity give him food and drink; but know that he is a dead man." The unhappy man, after he had received bread and wine within the house, thought to pass the door, but a heavy rock fell suddenly from the roof, and struck him upon the head. Prostrated by the blow they bore him away in their hands half dead; and the next day, according to the sentence of the holy man, he ended his life. In this, Peter, is to be considered, what great reverence must be shown to holy men; for they are the temples of God: and when the holy man is moved to anger, who else is aroused but the Habitant of that temple? So therefore the anger of the just is to be feared, inasmuch as it is evident that He is present in their hearts, who is not weak to inflict whatever punishment he may choose.

Another time the aforesaid Constantius, his nephew, sold his horse for twelve pieces of gold, and, placing them in his chest, went away about some business. When all at once came to the bishop's house a number of poor people, who importunately prayed the holy bishop to give them some assistance in their necessity. But the man of God because he had nothing to give, was troubled in mind, lest they should be compelled to go away empty. Suddenly he remembered that his nephew, the priest, had sold the horse he used to ride, and had the price of it then in his safe. In the absence therefore of his nephew, he went to his chest, with pious violence broke the lock, took away the twelve pieces and divided them as seemed best among the poor people. Constantius returning from his affairs discovered his chest broken open, and the price of the horse he had deposited there nowhere to be found. He began therefore in a loud voice to scold, and with great rage to cry: "Every one else can live here; I alone cannot live in this

house." At which words came together the bishop, and all the rest who were in the house. And when the man of God endeavored to soothe him with kind words, he with brawling answers kept on, saying: "Every body else can live with thee, but I alone can have no place. Give me back my money." Moved by which words the bishop entered the church of Blessed Mary ever Virgin, and standing with uplifted hands, his robes being wide spread, he entreated that she would give him wherewith to appease the wrath of the angry priest. And suddenly, as he turned his eyes to his robes, between his outstretched arms, he found in his bosom twelve gold pieces, glittering as if they had been just drawn from the furnace. Shortly after, going forth from the church, he placed them in the hands of the angry priest, saying: "Behold the money which thou wast asking for; but know this, that after my death thou wilt not be the bishop of this church, on account of thy avarice." From which plain-speaking it is inferred, that the priest was laying by the same money, in order to make his way to the episcopate. But the word of the holy man prevailed, for Constantius ended his days in the office of presbyter.

Another time, two Goths came to him for hospitality, who said they were journeying in haste to Ravenna. To whom he gave, with his own hand, a small wooden flask full of wine for their refreshment on the road; this the Goths made use of, till they reached Ravenna. They abode some days in the city and drank daily of the wine they had received from the holy man. And so until they returned to the same venerable Father at Ferenti, every day they drank of it, and yet the wine of the little flask never failed them; as if in that wooden vessel the bishop had given them, the wine were not so much increased as generated.

Lately also an aged ecclesiastic from the same parts, was relating some things which ought not to be passed in silence. He says that on a certain day having entered the garden, he found it covered with a multitude of caterpillars; when seeing every plant about to be destroyed, turning to the caterpillars, he said: "I adjure you in the name of God our Lord Jesus Christ, go hence, and eat not of these herbs." Immediately at the word of the man of God, they all went off, so that not one remained within the limits of the garden.

But what wonder that we find these things in the time of his episcopate, when he had advanced before Almighty God both in rank and virtue, since the same ecclesiastic testifies that he wrought still more wonderful, while yet a little boy. For he says, in the time when the child was living with his mother, he would after having gone from home, not unfrequently return without his linen, and often without his tunic: for as often as he found any one in nakedness, he would clothe him, despoiling himself, that he might be clad in the sight of God with the merit of good works. For this, his mother was wont frequently to chide him, saying it was not right, that he who was himself needy should give away his clothes to the poor. One day, having entered her store-room, she found almost all the wheat which she had laid by for the support of the whole year, to have been bestowed by her son upon the poor. And when she was beating and tearing herself with her own hands because she had lost as it were the sustenance of the year, the child of God, Boniface, approached and with what words he could, tried to console her. But when she would receive no consolation, he begged her that she would go forth from the granary, in which there was some little of the wheat yet remaining. The holy child then betook himself to prayer, and shortly after, going out, led back his mother to the store room, which was found filled with wheat more than it had been before, when she was rejoicing that she had laid up supplies

for that whole year. At which miracle the mother herself, moved with compunction, began to urge him to give away, who could so speedily obtain what he asked. Moreover, she was wont to keep chickens in the porch of her house, but a fox from the neighboring county would often steal them away. One day as the boy Boniface stood in the porch, the fox came as usual and bore off a hen. He in haste entered the church, and prostrating himself in prayer, said artlessly: "Does it please thee, O Lord, that I cannot eat of my mother's food? Behold a fox devours the hens she keeps." Then arising from prayer he went forth from the church. Soon after the fox returned, released the hen he held in his mouth, and himself fell dying before him on the earth.

PETER. — It is most wonderful how God condescends to hear the prayers of those who trust in him, even in the meanest matters.

GREGORY. — This is designed, Peter, by the dispensation of our Creator, that from the little we should hope for greater things. The holy and ingenious child was heard in mean things, that he might learn in little how much he could presume with God in great petitions.

PETER. — I am well pleased with your words.

CHAPTER X.

OF FORTUNATUS, BISHOP OF THE SOCIETY OF TODI.

There was another man of devout life in those parts, Fortunatus by name, bishop of the church of Todi, who was illustrious by his great virtue in expelling spirits, so that sometimes he cast out legions of devils from the possessed, and intent as he was in continual prayer, overcame multitudes of them in their attacks against himself. A most familiar friend of his was Julian, almoner of our church, who not long since deceased in this city. By whose account I learned this which I relate, for often with the liberty of a friend he was present at his deeds, and his memory afterward, kept as the sweetness of honey in his mouth, for our instruction.

A certain noble matron in the neighboring parts of Tuscany, had a daughter-in-law, who a short time after she had been married to her son, was invited together with her mother-in-law, to the dedication of the church of Blessed Sebastian, the Martyr. The night before she was to walk in the procession to the dedication of the church, through weakness of the flesh, she did not observe abstinence with her husband; and when, the morning being come, the carnal act disturbed her conscience, but shame forbade to be absent from the procession, fearing more the face of men than the judgment of God, she proceeded with her mother-in-law to the church. But presently, when the relics of the Blessed Sebastian entered the oratory, an evil spirit seized the daughter-in-law, and began to vex her before all the people. A priest of the church, when he beheld her thus terribly afflicted, brought immediately one of the cloths of the altar and covered her with it; but at the same time the demon suddenly entered him also. And because he presumed to attempt something beyond his strength, he was thus compelled in this vexation to know it. Then the bystanders taking in their hands the young woman, bore her away to her own house. And when the evil spirit continued to torment her grievously, her relations loving her with an earthly love, and persecuting her therewith, delivered

her up to the sorcerers for the restoration of her health that her soul might be utterly destroyed, while they endeavored by magic arts to profit for a time her body. Accordingly she was led to the river and dipped in the water; and there for a long time the sorcerers labored by their incantations, to cast out the devil who had possessed her. But by the wonderful judgment of Almighty God, while by perverse acts one demon is driven from her, a legion suddenly entered her. From this time she began to be agitated with as many convulsions, to cry with as many voices and screams, as she was beset by spirits. Then counsel being taken, her parents confessing their infidelity, brought her to the venerable Bishop Fortunatus, and left her with him. Who receiving her, gave himself many days and nights to prayer, and so much more earnestly, as he found in that one body the force of a legion to be set against him. After some days he returned her sound and whole, as if the devil had never held power over her.

Another time, the servant of Almighty God cast out an unclean spirit from a certain possessed man. And now, when evening coming on, the malignant spirit perceived the hour to be favorable to secrecy, pretending himself to be a stranger in the place, he began to go about the streets in the city and cry: "O what a holy man is the Bishop Fortunatus! see what he has done; he has driven out a pilgrim from his house! I wander about seeking a shelter in his city and cannot find it." There was then sitting before his fire, with his wife and little son, a certain person, who, hearing the voice and asking what the bishop had done to him, invited him into his house, and made him sit down with them near the embers. After they had conversed together some time, the malignant spirit entered into his little son, hurled him amidst the coals, and there shortly deprived him of life. The unhappy and now childless man discovered then, both whom he had been entertaining, and whom the bishop had driven out.

PETER. — What does this mean, that the evil spirit should dare to commit murder in the house of one, who believing him a pilgrim, had invited him to partake of his hospitality?

GREGORY. — Many things, Peter, seem good, but are not so, because not done with a good intention. Whence in the Gospel the Truth says: "If thy eye be evil, thy whole body shall be darksome." Because when the intention which goes before is perverse, every work which follows is wrong, although it may seem to be right. So this man, who was made childless while he seemed to be exercising hospitality, I suppose to have been delighted, not by the piety of his own deed, but by the disparagement of the bishop; since the punishment following, shewed that the undertaking was not without fault. For there are some who strive to do good for this very purpose, that they may darken the fair deeds of their fellows; nor are nourished by the good they do, but by the praises of their goodness with which they oppress others. Wherefore, I imagine that this man, who received the evil spirit to hospitality, was bent rather upon ostentation than on a good work; that he might appear to have done better than the bishop, forasmuch as he entertained him whom the man of God, Fortunatus, had repulsed.

PETER. — It is so; for the result proved that there was not a pure intention in the action.

GREGORY. — Another time, a certain person who had lost his eye-sight having been led to him, asked and obtained the help of his intercession. For when the man of God, with prayer, had made the sign of the cross upon his eyes, being suddenly restored to light, the night of their darkness passed away. Again, a horse belonging to a certain soldier had run mad, so that he could scarcely be held by

many men; and whomsoever he could attack, he would tear them with his teeth. He was conducted then by a great number, bound as best might be, to the man of God. Who presently stretching forth his hand and making the sign of the cross over his head, converted all his fury into gentleness, so that afterward he was found more docile than even before his madness. The same soldier then determined that his horse, which he saw at the command of a miraculous power thus quickly changed from its fury, should be presented to the holy man. And when the latter refused to receive it, but the soldier still persisted in his entreaties that he would not despise his offering, the saint taking a middle course, consented to his request, and yet refused to receive any compensation for the miraculous work; for first he gave him the full price, and afterward accepted the horse he offered him. For since he saw that if he did not take the animal, the other would be grieved, out of charity he bought what was of no use to him.

Nor ought I to suppress what I learned some twelve days since of the virtues of this man. A certain poor old man was brought before me, and as the conversation of the aged is always pleasant to me, I questioned him particularly from whence he was; he replied that he was from the city of Todi. To whom I said: "Pray, Father, tell me didst thou know the Bishop Fortunatus?" said he: "I knew him, and that well." I then added: "Tell me, I beg, if thou has known any miracles of his, and inform me, who am very desirous to know it, what kind of man he was." He answered: "That man was far different from those we see now-a-days. For whatever he asked of Almighty God he obtained it, even as he asked. I will relate one miracle of his which now comes to my mind. On a certain day the Goths came near the city of Todi, on their way to the region of Ravenna, and stole away two little boys from an estate which was subject to the city of Todi. When this was announced to the most holy man Fortunatus, he immediately sent and called the same Goths to come before him. Addressing them blandly he endeavored first to soothe their roughness, and afterward added: "Whatever price you wish, I will give, only restore the children whom you have taken, and of your grace do me this great favor." Then he who seemed chief among them said: "Whatever else you command we are ready to do, but the children we will not by any means return." The venerable man then gently reproved him, saying: "Thou grievest me my son, and hearest not thy Father; grieve me not, lest it be not expedient for thee." But the Goth in the fierceness of his heart refusing, departed. The next day, when about to set out, he came again to the bishop, and the bishop in the same words once more asked for the children. And when he would in no manner consent to restore them, the bishop sorrowfully said: "I know that it is not profitable for thee to leave me in sorrow." Which words the Goth despised, and having returned to his lodging, he sent forward the boys about whom had been the controversy, on horse-back with his men. He himself mounting his horse, followed immediately after. But when he had entered the city, just before the Church of Blessed Peter the Apostle, his horse stumbled, and he falling with him, his hip bone was fractured. When lifted up he was carried by hand to the tavern. And immediately he called back the two boys he had sent forward and despatched a messenger to the venerable Fortunatus, saying: "I pray thee, Father, send to me thy deacon." When the deacon had come to him where he was reclining, he called before him the boys, whom he had declared to the bishop that he would never restore, and returned them to the deacon, saying: "Go and say to my lord, the bishop; because thou hast cursed me, behold I am stricken. Take the boys whom thou requirdest, and intercede, I beseech thee, for me." Taking

charge therefore of the boys, the deacon conducted them back to the venerable Fortunatus, who immediately gave him blessed water, saying: "Go quickly, and cast it upon the fallen man." The deacon went, and coming to the Goth, sprinkled the holy water upon his body. Wonderful and most stupendous! no sooner did the blessed water touch the hip of the Goth, than the fracture was made whole and the hip restored to its former strength, so that in the same hour he arose from his couch, and mounting his horse, went upon his journey, as though he had never received the least injury. And thus it happened, that he who would not dutifully restore the boys for a price to the holy man, was forced by his chastisement to give them without price. This history being finished, the old man was desirous to tell more about him. But because there were some present, who were waiting for instruction, and the hour of the day was now getting late, it was not permitted me to hear longer the deeds of the venerable Fortunatus, which, if it were permitted, I could wish to hear always.

But another day the same old man related of him something yet more wonderful, saying: In the same city of Todi, dwelt with his two sisters one Marcellus, a man of devout life, who fell sick with some complaint, and in the afternoon of the Holy Paschal Saturday, departed this life. As the corpse was to be carried to some distance, it could not be buried the same day; and while there was this delay of fulfilling the last rites, his sisters in their grief for his death, hastened weeping to the venerable Fortunatus and earnestly entreated him, saying: "We know that thou livest the life of the apostles, thou cleanest the lepers, thou enlightenest the blind, come, and restore our dead brother to life." But when he learned that their brother was dead, he himself began to weep, and answered them: "Leave me, and say not such words, for it is the will of Almighty God, which no man can resist." They therefore departing, the bishop remained filled with sorrow for his death. But on the next Lord's day, before the dawn of light, calling his two deacons, he proceeded to the house of the deceased, and coming to where the corpse lay, he betook himself to prayer. Prayer being finished, he sat down beside the body and in a low voice called the deceased by name, saying: "Brother Marcellus." He, as if roused from a light slumber by the voice, immediately opened his eyes, and looking upon the bishop, said: "What hast thou done? Oh, what hast thou done?" To whom the bishop answered: "What have I done!" But he: "Yesterday there came two, who casting me forth from the body, led me into a good place, but to-day one was sent who said: Carry him back, for Fortunatus the bishop has come to his house." Which words ended, he immediately recovered from his infirmity and continued a longer time in life. Nor yet is it to be supposed that he lost the place he had obtained, for there can be no doubt that with the prayers of his intercessor, he could live a better life after that death, when even before it, he strove to please Almighty God.

But why speak more of his life when even now his corpse can furnish so many proofs of his virtues. To release the possessed, to heal the sick, whenever it is asked with faith, this which he was accustomed to do incessantly while living, he continues to do even at his tomb. But I would wish, Peter, to bring back my narration to the Valerian province, concerning which I happened to hear many admirable miracles, from the lips of the venerable Fortunatus, whom I mentioned before, as Abbot in those parts. Who even now often visits me, and while he relates the deeds of the ancients, refreshes me with new consolation.

CHAPTER XI.

OF MARTYRIUS, MONK OF THE PROVINCE OF VALERIA.

IN the same province, there was a devout servant of Almighty God, Martyrius by name, who gave the following proof of virtue. When upon a time his brethren had made bread and had forgotten to imprint upon it the sign of the cross, (for in that province it is the custom, while yet raw, to sign the bread with a wooden stamp, so that it appears divided in quarters) the servant of God came near, and learned from them that this had not been done. And whereas the bread was now covered up with the ashes and coals, saying: "Why did you not sign it?" he made with his finger the sign of the cross over the embers. Whereupon there was a loud sound from the bread, as if some huge vessel had burst in the fire. When, after baking, the bread was drawn from the hearth, it was found signed with that cross which no contact, but faith had made.

CHAPTER XII.

OF SEVERUS, PRIEST OF THE SAME PROVINCE.

IN those parts there is a valley, commonly called Interocrina, where dwelt a man of admirable life, Severus by name, and priest of the church of Blessed Mary, ever-Virgin Mother of God. A certain householder, when he drew nigh to his end, sent for him one day in great haste, begging that he would come as quickly as possible, and by his prayers make intercession for his sins, that penance for his evil deeds being done, he should go forth of the body, free from guilt. The priest chanced to be busy pruning his vines, and said to those coming: "Go on before, and I will follow you directly." And as he perceived there was some little yet to be done at the work he was engaged in, he tarried a short time to finish it, and then proceeded to the sick man. While thus on his way, they who came at the first, returning, met him, saying: "Father why didst thou delay? give thyself no further trouble, for he is now dead." Hearing which, he trembled, and with loud cries declared himself to be his murderer. And so he went mourning to the body of the deceased, and cast himself upon the earth with tears before his bed. And when he might weep bitterly, and strike his head upon the ground and proclaim himself guilty of his death, suddenly he who had been dead returned to life. Which those who stood around observing, with exclamations of wonder, began to weep still more for joy. And when they asked him where he had been, or how he had returned, he says: "Most hideous were the men who led me away, and from their mouths and nostrils issued fire, intolerable. And while they were bringing me through dark places, suddenly a youth of beautiful countenance, accompanied by others, met us in the way, and said to those dragging me off: Carry him back, for Severus weeps, and the Lord hath given him to his tears." Severus forsooth immediately rose up, and granted the penitent the help of his intercession. And when for seven days, the sick man thus brought back to life, had done penance for his past offences, on the eighth day he went forth from the body rejoicing. Con-

sider, Peter, I pray thee, this Severus, how tenderly the Lord loved him, when he would not leave him, even for a short time, in anguish.

PETER. — Truly admirable are these things, which I find have until now lain hidden from me. But what shall we say is the reason, that such men are not now to be found ?

GREGORY. — I imagine, Peter, that many such even in these times are not wanting; nor, though they do not such wonders, therefore are they not such men. For the true estimate of life is to be found in the virtue of works, not in the display of signs. And many, even if they do not work wonders, are yet not unequal to those who do so.

PETER. — How can it be shown, if it please thee, that there may be some who do no miracles, and yet are not unlike those who do ?

GREGORY. — Knowest thou not that Paul the Apostle, is to Peter the first of the Apostles, as a brother, in his rank of Apostolic Prince ?

PETER. — I know it, certainly, nor is it to be doubted that though the least of the Apostles, he yet labored more than all.

GREGORY. — As you may well remember, Peter walked upon the sea, Paul was shipwrecked in the sea; and thus in one and the same element, Paul could not make way with his ship, where Peter travelled on foot. It is evident then that while the virtue of each was not the same in respect to the miracle, the merit of both is alike in heaven.

PETER. — I confess I am well pleased with what you say; for surely I know that the life and not the signs must be sought after. But since the wonders which are done bear testimony of the good life, I beseech thee if any yet remain, to relate them, and me thirsting, refresh with the examples of good men.

GREGORY. — I would wish, to the praise of the Redeemer, to relate some of the miracles of the venerable Benedict. But for this I perceive the time to-day will not suffice. We shall be able therefore to speak more at large of these, if we begin them on another occasion.

Heathen Philosophy.

INSCRIPTION FOR THE TOMB OF A HUSBANDMAN.

TAKE old Amyntas to thy heart, dear Earth!
Remembering his many toils for thee.
How on thee he did raise the olive-tree,
And thy soft slopes with mantling vines adorn.
How oft he filled thy lap with foodful corn,
And leading to thee fertilizing streams,
Made thee to plants and harvest fruits give birth.
For this do thou all softly lie, O Earth!
Upon the head that now so hoary seems,
And with spring-plants do thou him flower-adorn.

J. V. H.

KATE O'CONNOR.

A STORY OF MIXED MARRIAGES.*

CHAPTER XXVII.

Struggles and Misgivings.

ONE day, not a great while after the Elfords arrived in Rome (it was about the middle of Advent), Henry and his wife had been in the Villa Borghese most of the afternoon, and as usual, before going home, they refreshed themselves by walking for a while through the lawn-like grounds which even in winter never lose their beauty. One always meets some of the clergy in these grounds; it is a favorite promenade, and the Elfords presently encountered a little group of them walking together. One sees so many priests in Rome that one never notices them, and yet for two or three reasons Henry did notice these clergymen as they passed. One of them was a tall distinguished-looking man, evidently an Italian, whom Henry remembered to have met a day or two before on Monte Pincio. Next him walked a young man, tall and slender, who coughed slightly, and by his fair hair and blue eyes was not an Italian; Henry thought it an American face. The third was smaller than the other two, and older, judging by the sprinkling of grey in his closely cut hair. He was speaking English as they walked slowly by; there was something in the features and utterance which reminded one of Ireland and young Elford saw him fix his eyes with a startled expression upon Mary as he passed.

"Did you see that priest, Mary?" Henry asked, after they had gone by.

"Which? the one?" —

"The one who walked in the grass."

"No, but the one nearest you was very handsome; we met him on Monte Pincio the other day."

The next day the Elfords had been visiting some of the mosaic and cameo shops, and as they walked up the Corso they saw people thronging into the church of San Carlo. It needed no more to excite Henry's curiosity: "Let us go in and see what it is," said he, and they ascended the steps; an old man and woman on the platform above were letting chairs to the people as they entered; Henry also gave two or three bajocchi and had a couple of chairs taken in for himself and Mary. There was to be a sermon, of course, by all this provision for sitting, and the Elfords, placing their chairs conveniently in front of the pulpit, composed themselves to expect the preacher. Very shortly he entered from the sanctuary and ascended the pulpit; it was the same fine looking Italian whom they had met the day before in the Villa Borghese and last week also on the Pincian hill; he was preaching the Advent during that season in San Carlo. He preached in Italian, and his eloquence and thought and grace of manner quite captivated Henry, but

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J. V. HUNTINGTON,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Maryland.

the lady as usual took the goodness of the sermon pretty much on trust. She understood Italian very well when she saw the character in good plain type before her eye, but her ear was confused by the rapidity of the utterance and the unfamiliar accent. As they left the church after sermon, Henry inquired of a well-dressed Italian who dipped his finger at the same moment with himself into the benitier, what was the name of the preacher. It was Padre Caravigna, reputed one of the most eloquent preachers in Rome: he preached in San Carlo two or three times a week and Henry resolved to attend his sermons: Mrs. Elford always persisted in going too, though she understood the language so imperfectly, and from that time they went pretty regularly until Christmas, when the sermons ceased.

One day just after Padre Caravigna had commenced preaching, two priests entered the church from the front door on the Corso, and bringing chairs, seated themselves just on the edge of the crowd to listen. They were the two whom the Elford had first seen walking in the Villa Borghese with Padre Caravigna, and again Henry noticed that the older priest looked earnestly at them and particularly at his wife. His curiosity was somewhat excited, and after the sermon he waited a little to see what became of them, but as soon as Padre Caravigna descended the pulpit, they rose, joined him as he went towards the sanctuary and all three disappeared together. Young Elford resolved that if he ever saw that priest again, he would contrive some way of finding out who he was, but he was there no more: Christmas came, the sermons were over, and they left off going to San Carlo; other things occupied his attention and the circumstance was forgotten.

We have said that Mary Elford was not handsome, but she had a remarkable face and in some respects a beautiful one, at least it was beautiful sometimes. She extremely resembled her mother, with her low, broad forehead, large deep blue eyes, and a nose decidedly *retroussé*. Not only was her expression like her mother's, but her face was full of Irish characteristics.

On Christmas eve the Elford went to San Luigi dei Francesi to hear the matins and the midnight mass, and having thus made acquaintance with this fine church they were disposed to go there again. The next Sunday afternoon they dropped in at vespers instead of attending the English service, and after that Mrs. Elford rebelled entirely against the English even-song, and Henry, glad of so agreeable an opportunity of playing the obedient husband, took his wife to San Luigi very frequently during the winter. Mary was delighted with the congregational singing of the psalms, in which she soon began to join, with the beautiful benediction, which always seemed more beautiful and solemn there than any where else, and with the sweet litany of Loretto, which hardly scandalized her, though she generally kept her seat while it was sung. She was much pleased to see the young Frenchwomen with their neat dresses and white muslin caps, and they in turn seemed to regard these strangers as regular attendants, and if there was a crowd, as sometimes happened, would make room for them in the place which they appeared always to prefer. Some of their own friends were in the habit of going to San Luigi of a Sunday afternoon: Mr. Carter, for example, an English clergyman with whom Henry was intimate, and his two sisters, thorough-bred, amiable, cultivated women, a good deal older than our Mary, to be sure, but none the less companionable on that account. These amiable ladies were either not afraid of the scandal of going to a Catholic church, or they modestly thought that their absence from the English congregation outside the gates would not be observed. At San Luigi the Elford also frequently saw Count Rossi, who was afterwards during the revolution so barbarously murdered.

On New Year's eve our American friends went to the Gesù, the great church of the Jesuit fathers in the piazza di Venezia, to hear the grand *Te Deum* intoned by the Holy Father himself. The Carters were already there, and trying their best to keep seats for them. The cardinals were mostly present, and many of the clergy, and before the service began, the immense church was filled to overflowing. It was a blaze of light, and within the sanctuary the lights were reflected from a million points of the most magnificent marbles in the world. Some of their English friends told them that the bishop of ———, in America, was present, and a gentleman whom they did not know, very kindly undertook to point him out, but the crowd was so great that it was no easy matter even to see the Pope, distinguished as he was; and they wholly failed in seeing this prelate from their own country, of whom they had so often heard. After the *Te Deum* the Holy Father gave the benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament: the reverence and devotion of the vast crowd were infectious, and as Mrs. Elford dropped on her knees her eyes were brimful of tears, and she could hardly keep from sobbing. She saw that her English friends were inclined to smile at her enthusiasm, but she did not care; her Irish blood was all astir: as the Holy Father passed by in the procession, she would have given a year's income to have kissed the hem of his garment.

Thus as the season advanced, festival followed festival, one beautiful service was succeeded by another equally beautiful or more so, and the Elford's lived on in Rome as tranquilly as if they had been born there and expected to die there.

Meanwhile, not the English chaplain was more regularly in his place within the chancel at early service on Sunday morning, than the Elford's in their seats for the same service; but why they went perhaps they would hardly have explained. Was it from habit and custom? or was it for example's sake? or was it because they found it a comfort and delight? We rather suspect that they felt a perishing need of *something*, this early English service seemed the best thing within their reach, and therefore they availed themselves of it with starving avidity. Towards each other they maintained a curious reserve: Mary never objected to go to the English chapel when Henry proposed it, and he never said after coming away that he had found it a terrible bore; but sometimes in the secret of her heart Mary said, "We can't live in Rome always, and what will become of me when we go away?" She felt afraid that unless she could be a Catholic, she never again could have any comfort in any religion; she had become so accustomed to benedictions and chantings, and above all to that ever burning lamp and that ever present CHRIST, that she did not see how she could ever live again without them. She could go on Sunday, if she must, to the naked and empty churches of her own country, but as for taking comfort in them she never could. If it had pleased God to give her a lot among Catholics! — but apparently it had not. She had been brought up in the English Church, and she supposed she would have to die there. She knew that she loved the Church of Rome the best, and she had been taught that even in that secret feeling there was treason and disloyalty. And so kneeling before those Roman altars, and before that present God in whom she believed, she prayed to be forgiven if there was sin in her heart, and to be comforted at least in some way, if she were destined to be driven from that sacred presence. Do not wonder, gentle reader, at her dullness of apprehension; she had read Oxford Tracts and Puseyite Sermons, arguments and treatises on this side and that, until she knew nothing except that the world seemed to her a confused conglomeration of different religions, each claiming to be true and denouncing all the rest, and this to her was the height of misery. She longed for something certain. She longed to hear that

voice admonishing her behind her back, "This is the way, walk ye in it, and go not aside neither to the right hand nor to the left." And if she were to listen to the voice which she heard in this city, it was clear and intelligible enough. Rome at least was Catholic—Rome was one—and Rome—there is no denying it—is the centre of calm.

But this young wife was perfectly dependent upon her husband. Mrs. Haraden White, as we have seen, had a will of her own, and she had done her best to bring up Mary to have no will, and she had succeeded so well that our Mary's school-mates always laughed at her because she had no will. Then as Mary knew Henry to be intellectually very superior, so she had in some way got an idea, whether justly or not, that she was herself intellectually inferior, and she would have thought it a piece of simple insanity to think or act in any great matter without consulting him. And knowing well that *folle* and *petite* as she was, she had an influence over him, and half-suspecting that he was himself vibrating over the same chaos of uncertainty, she dared not open her lips upon subjects which so much occupied her heart, lest she should influence him against his duty and his conscience. Thus she resolved to remain quietly performing, as well as she was able, the wifely duties which devolved upon her, and praying that Henry might be led aright. And though Mary Elford had no will of her own, it was always observed that when she once made a resolution, she invariably acted upon it.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Nature heaving under the breath of Grace.

THE season advanced almost imperceptibly, the sun grew warmer and the air softer, the laburnums on Monte Pincio put forth their tiny leaves of sparkling green, which never seemed to grow, — moons were to wax and wane before those delicate leaflets should arrive at perfection. After Epiphany numbers of the transient population dropped off in search of gayer abodes, until the Carnival should recall them again to Rome.

The Elfords remained, visiting as usual churches and galleries, and enjoying the lull. Henry too read very frequently at the Vatican and Augustinian libraries, so that during the reading hours, that is, from eight until twelve, Mrs. Elford was much alone. At these times she remained in her own room with her books and work, or she walked on the Pincian Hill, where she always met English ladies also enjoying by themselves the fresh air and sunshine, or again she stole into one of the churches to say her prayers and look at the altar with its crucifix and picture and ever-burning lamp and tabernacle.

About this time her features began to assume a pensive cast; from being gay, perhaps a little volatile, she became, without any apparent cause, habitually sober and quiet; she was not sad or unhappy, far from it, but her mood was grown suddenly passive and tranquil; nothing troubled her and scarcely any thing gave her joy, and yet had you asked her she would have said that she never in her life had been so happy before. She visited churches and galleries and was happy; she sat silent on Monte Pincio, listlessly drinking in the lovely scene, the hills, the grand dome of St. Peter's, the Campagna stretching away like a blue sea in

the distance, here and there bridged over by the grey aqueducts, and was happy; and alone in her quiet room with no companion but a book which many would have found dull, still she was content and free. Desire and will were gone, she came and went at the will of others without care or preference. And yet there were times when her still heart beat again, and there were accidents apparently the most trivial which called the color into her cheek and a moist sparkle into her eye.

Why did she envy the poor decrepit creatures whom she saw hobbling about the confessionals? Why did she take a sort of comfort in being crowded aside and jostled by the Italian peasantry as a foreigner and a heretic? In the Gesù with Henry, as they walked softly around, thinking themselves alone, why did her heart throb so as one of the fathers, suddenly emerging from the confessional, passed rapidly into the sanctuary? Or at St. Peter's, or Santa Maria Maggiore, as they stood admiring some grand mosaic picture or apostolic statue or chapel rich in marbles, if a priest walked by unaware of her presence and almost touching her with his wide-flowing mantle, why did her eyes fill with tears? Or if entering a door, or going through a narrow aisle, she encountered the biretta and black robe, why did she tremble as she stepped aside? It was the child of the Church, yearning, though she knew it not, for her home and her Father's house.

Meanwhile it was plain that something was troubling Henry. He was silent and gloomy, had lost his appetite and spirits, and from being the most gentle and even-tempered of men, had grown fitful, exacting and petulant; in commenting on her trifling faults (for what wife is without faults, be she ever so loving?), he had remorselessly used expressions which he knew well must cut her to the heart. Once or twice she had crept away alone to cry out in her grief; once or twice she had been tempted to ask that Heavenly Father in whom she always trusted why He had kept her alive to suffer so: but now that was past and her heart was still, she saw that Henry was still unhappy and sometimes unkind, but she felt no pain. She did not love him less, she would have moved heaven and earth to relieve his suffering, to give him back tranquillity, her tender, only, beloved companion, but for herself she was as tranquil as the sky which hung in a pale sunny haze over the Sabine hills. A strange atmosphere of peace, just wrapping her round, seemed to separate her from those with whom she walked and talked and exchanged smiles and greeting; they came close to her but they did not touch her, they were with her but she was not with them. A firm believer always in the unseen world, she felt that a spell from that world was upon her; but why upon her and not upon Henry, and why upon her now and never before? she could not tell; but curiosity also, with desire and will, was laid to sleep: she had only one fear — to break the sweet spell of peace in which she lived, and to feel her pulses beat again with the world's pulses that were around her.

And of course, it was broken. She waked out of her waking dream and came back to common life, and began again to feel and fear and suffer. The Carnival began and Rome was full once more. The Elford's, with their friends the Carters, took a balcony and mingled in the strange scene and shared the fun. They took a carriage one of the days and drove through the Corso, alternately pelted and pelted with confetti and bouquets. Another day of the wild Saturnalia, in the cool of the afternoon — it was the *tra-montana* — Henry and Mary walked through the Via Condotti into the Corso, and so making their way among masks and harlequins and dominos, through the confetti boys and flower girls, who running and screaming crowded the unequal sidewalks, arrived at the Piazza di Venezia where all

was still. They stopped a moment to shake the white dust of the Carnival off their clothes, and then they approached the great church which had been so often the terminus of their walk. A few poor peasants ascended the steps and entered before them; one or two Roman ladies in black and veiled were crossing the Piazza towards the church, as our friends lifted aside the heavy leathern door-screen and found themselves within. All was dark except the sanctuary. What a contrast between the wild cry and laughter and mockery of the Corso to-day, and the hush of this noble church with its darkened nave and blazing altar, its throng of still worshippers and kneeling priests keeping the watch of the *Quarant' Ore*. Pagan Rome in the Corso and Christian Rome in the Gesù, and yet thousands visit Italy calling themselves Christians, who profess that they can see no difference, and who really appear to feel none, and who scorn and deride the one as well as the other. The Elfords remained a while to pray, and then through quiet and deserted bye-streets made their way home.

During Lent instructions appropriate to the season were given in various churches, and among others at San Luigi by the excellent abbé who was then connected with that church and who has since returned to France as a bishop. The Elfords attended many of these sermons, and even Mary understood French well enough to reap edification from discourses so full of unction, devotion and charity. Henry was still exceedingly interested, but his abstraction and gloom increased day by day. Sometimes for hours he would not speak, while a dark shadow rested always upon his fine features. He scarcely ate and scarcely slept; at times he passed the night over some huge Latin book which he had picked up at auction, and again he strode up and down the room all night like a troubled spirit. Evidently his health was suffering, and his young wife began to suffer too. What was worse, he brooked no interference or even sympathy, and Mary's gentle attempts to comfort and divert him, only met with unkindness and increased reserve, while he professed to think it exceedingly strange and unreasonable in his wife to find any alteration in him. She became alarmed about him, but had no help; sometimes she thought he had ceased to love her, and then she was tempted to wish for death. How many silent tears she shed which were carefully concealed from him who ought to have wiped them away! how much agony of heart she suffered, to which he was recklessly indifferent, if indeed he was aware of it at all! And she used to be so happy, and Henry had always before been so kind: what had come between them all at once to make them both miserable? she at least had not changed, but a black cloud seemed to have suddenly overspread the blue heaven of her happy married life.

Henry had several times expressed a wish to become acquainted with Padre Caravigna, and also with the French abbé whose sermons they were hearing at San Luigi, and Mr. Carter, being acquainted with both these clergymen, promised to introduce him to them; but Mr. Carter was taken unexpectedly ill, and this became impossible. He however gave young Elford the address of Padre Caravigna and advised him to call without an introduction if he desired to see him. The same week our friends were together one day in the Gesù, no one was there apparently except a single ecclesiastic, moving silently about the sanctuary, arranging some trifling things where order and decorum had previously been to all appearance perfect. The Elfords stood on the lower step outside the rail, admiring the altar, which is perhaps the most magnificent in Rome, when a light quick tread caused them to look down the church: a priest, hat in hand, was advancing

towards the sanctuary, just before reaching which he naturally knelt upon the pavement; and then rising stepped within the rail.

He saw the Elfords of course, and for an instant the quiet, observant glance of his dark eyes rested upon them. With a slight inclination of the head, as if in apology for his frank regard, he approached the lay-brother who stood above near the altar, whispered a few words, and both left the sanctuary passing into the convent together. It was the same priest whom Henry had seen during Advent with Padre Caravigna, and respecting whom his curiosity had been before awakened. "He looked at us as if he knew us," said Mary in a whisper, as they turned from the altar and went down the church.

"Yes, I wish I knew who he is; we have seen him several times before; he was with Padre Caravigna last Christmas. I mean to go and see Padre Caravigna."

Mary lifted her eyes earnestly to her husband's face, but said nothing. They left the church and went home. It was a beautiful afternoon; Mary took some worsted work that she was engaged upon, and sate in a west window to watch the sunset. Henry paced the room several times up and down after his wont in silence; but after a few turns, contrary to his wont he came and sate in the window by his wife. She greeted him with an affectionate smile, made some remark about the beautiful sunset, but observing he did not look out or pay any attention to what she had said, she began to arrange her crewels.

After a moment's silence Henry said, "Did it ever occur to you, Mary, that perhaps the Church of Rome is the true Church after all?"

"What a queer question! How could it help occurring to me?"

"And those who say that it is are at least three-quarters of the Christian world."

"Yes," said Mary, musingly.

"And if the Church of Rome speaks truth, Mary, we who are out of her pale can't be saved; at least without a degree of ignorance which you and I can't plead."

"Certainly," said she promptly, turning upon him with startled suddenness and fixing her eyes upon his as if she would read him through.

"Don't look at me so; you remind me of my mother."

"And you ought not to dislike that," replied the young wife turning away her eyes, "for besides that she is your mother, she is certainly the most beautiful woman in the world."

"Yes; but that particular look of hers I never did like."

"Well, as to what you were saying about the Church of Rome, Henry, you know perfectly well that I depend on you. Intellectually, you are perfectly qualified to judge such a question as that, and I am not—you have studied the controversy and I have not; and you know that I depend on you because I have a confidence that you are truthful and earnest and sincere, and that you wish above all things to save your soul," said she turning upon him again that fixed look, and slowly measuring her words in the peculiar way which one always noticed in her father.

"It's not an easy question to decide," returned the young man evasively.

For the first time in her life it flashed across Mary's mind that perhaps Henry was blinded and held back by some worldly consideration, and that there was possibly a peril to her in leaning upon him as she did. "But what can I do?" she asked, helplessly communing with herself. So many things had been said on both

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sides, and she had heard so much more fully the English side, that she felt as ignorant as a child in regard to this great question on which perhaps her salvation hung. Henry clearly expected her to say something; what should she say? should she advise him to go and consult Padre Caravigna? but perhaps that would be a dangerous thing for him to do; should she advise him to wait a while and study the controversy a little more thoroughly? but perhaps he ought not to wait any longer and study any more. At last she said firmly:

"I know, Henry, that it's not an easy question, but it seems to me if I had your clear head and your theological knowledge, I should be able to settle my doubts in some way. And this one thing I do know," she added vehemently, "that I do not care a straw what religion I follow, providing it is only the true religion: I would be a Mormon or a Mahometan or a Roman Catholic without a moment's hesitation, if I thought either of those religions the one which Jesus Christ came to establish. I want to save my soul and go to heaven, for that is what God made me for, and that is the only thing in this world that I care for, and if I thought the religion of Juggernaut was the true religion, I would become a worshipper of Juggernaut to-morrow and nothing in this world should hold me back."

Henry gazed at her with a mixture of surprise and admiration, as after this generous outburst of an honest will, she silently resumed her work.

For a few minutes he sat without speaking and full of thought, and then again began to pace the room. Meanwhile the sun went down, tea was announced, and the subject was not recalled.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Port at last!

THAT night Henry Elford did not pretend even to retire to rest, and Mary, disturbed partly by her husband's vigil, and partly by confused agitating thoughts which troubled her own mind, slept but little. All night the dressing-room between her chamber and the saloon was partially brightened by the light from Henry's lamp. Now and then she heard a book moved and leaf turned and then again for half an hour at a time that muffled tread. Supposing religious anxiety to be the cause of Henry's unhappiness, she was herself so differently constituted that she could not comprehend it. That the same doubts and misgivings which had occasioned her to shed at her prayers a few quiet tears and utter a few gentle sighs, committing herself afterwards to the care of Heaven in perfect confidence that Heaven would help one so helpless — that these same doubts, we say, acting upon a man of Henry Elford's sensitive and poetical organization, of an extremely delicate conscience, and at the same time thoroughly self-dependent and full of resources — should produce such an agonizing conflict was something which she could not understand. But if he was unhappy from whatever cause, her loving heart could not rest, and sleep fled from her pillow; and the next morning what with her unrefreshing night, and the sirocco which had been blowing ever since sunset, she felt quite ill. After breakfast she took a book and lay upon the sofa to rest her aching head.

Presently Henry came in with his hat and gloves and sate by her side. His face was excessively pale. "Mary, dear," said he in a hollow voice and with a strangely excited look, "I am going to see Padre Caravigna, and I did not like to go without telling you."

She comprehended instantly and the color fled away from her cheeks. "I hope that you'll be very sure that you are right, Henry."

"Why, dear? Do you think that I should be doing wrong?"

"No, dear Henry, I don't mean to say so. I would not for the world say any thing that could bias you either way, I only want you to be sure that you are following your conscience and not self-will or your own imagination or any such thing. It is a great step for you to take and you ought to be very sure that you are right before you take it."

"I have thought of nothing else the last month," returned the young man, throwing himself back with an air of exhaustion, and running his fingers through the thick brown hair which lay heavy and damp upon his forehead; "you know I did not sleep a wink last night: I was thinking all the time, suppose I were taken violently ill, with Roman fever, for instance, like Mr. Carter."

"Well?" said Mary, looking up in his face.

"I should send for a Catholic priest and reconcile myself to the Church."

"O, very well, then," said Mary, her face clearing up, and the color beginning to come back; "if that is the way you feel, that is enough; the thing that you would do if you expected to die, is the thing that you ought to do now."

"And then that sermon yesterday morning—I suppose you did not quite take in the drift of it?"

"Not quite."

"It left no doubt on my mind—not the least. It is a perfect folly, a perfect absurdity for such as we are to be trying to get our religion out of the Bible. We must go to the living, teaching Church and ask her to tell us what the Bible means, and what we are to believe. There is no other way if we expect to believe the truth, and if we don't believe the truth we never can be saved; at least I never can;" but seeing that as soon as he began to use arguments of this sort, his young wife's face grew perplexed, he kissed her fondly three or four times, bade her pray for him, and left the room.

She was alone with her meditations, which for a few minutes she pursued with a vague terror. Some people love change and novelty, but Mary did not. Constitutionally, like her father, she loathed change and loved repose. She always shrank instinctively from new people, new places, new habits, and clung lovingly to the old; and now she saw at a stride before her the greatest change, as it seemed to her, that a human being can make in this life, and she felt at first the same horror and repugnance which we all naturally feel at an exchange of worlds. But gradually as the tumult of the first surprise subsided, and she began to look around her from this new point of view, the change seemed less. Externally and intellectually she was a Protestant, but her heart and her soul were with the old religion. Her pulses were beating fast with the undying life of the Church Catholic; that she knew, for she felt it at every throb. Thought flew quickly and feeling more quickly still, and as she sat there alone anxiously expecting the moment of her husband's return, hope and fear took possession of her soul: hope that she was to be after all received into the bosom of this glorious Mother—this tranquil home, and fear lest reason or conscience or duty or some other worshipful abstrac-

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tion might snatch from her the real happiness which seemed almost within her grasp. Poor timid creature! she was not to be so cruelly disappointed, and she had yet to learn how very little we have to dread from conscience and duty and right reason.

Mary Elford expected her husband long and anxiously before he came, but he came at last. He took a chair and sate in the window beside her, his manly face and voice all tremulous and quivering, but a glad, bright look in his eye which she had not seen there for weeks. But quietly and perhaps coldly disposing herself to listen, she waited for him to tell his story before she said a word.

He had been to see Padre Caravigna, who after a few minutes conversation proposed to go with him to see the bishop of——. That distinguished American prelate was in Rome to-day, he said, and it was always uncertain where he would be on a future day, and by all means it was best to be introduced to him immediately. So they had called upon the bishop, and Henry had been introduced as an American who was desirous of being received into the Catholic Church.

"And what did the bishop say?" asked Mary quickly.

"He said, 'Thank God. I have no doubt you will save your soul.'"

Mary smiled. It seemed to her that she recognized in those few words the true Christian bishop, watching not for credit nor for conquest, but for souls. And yet this was the man of whose cunning statesmanship and vast ambition she had heard so much.

Henry went on to tell his now eagerly listening wife, that after a good deal of conversation, he had inquired about the priest whom he had several times seen with Padre Caravigna. It was an American clergyman by the name of Haly, who had accompanied the bishop of——, as his secretary. He was sent for to the bishop's apartment, and introduced to Mr. Elford, whom he had already often seen. He had been struck with Mrs. Elford's face, as they had occasionally met, had suspected who the Elford's were, and should have taken measures to see them, but he was informed that they were to remain in Rome until after Easter, and since New Year, business had called him away.

In short, Mary Elford now learned what we all know: that her mother had been a Catholic, and she herself had been baptized by this Catholic priest whom she had several times met in Rome, and who now promised to call and see her. She awaited his visit in a tremour of fear and delight. It was Father Haly just as we saw him last at Kate O'Connor's funeral, except that the years as they passed, had sprinkled their grey sands upon his hair. His hard, but regular and consoling labors upon the mission had left his constitution unimpaired. It was the same "gentleman in the ugly coat," whom Mary White had encountered years before in the hall of her father's house; it was the same "gentleman in black" who twenty years ago laid his hand in blessing upon Henry Elford's head; and the blessing had surely remained, and in spite of all plans of worldly prudence and motherly foresight to the contrary, the stray lamb and the chosen child of grace had been gathered into the fold.

Henry took his wife to see the bishop of——, and in the course of a week they both prepared themselves to make their first confession to Father Haly. Henry's gloom had disappeared like dew under the sunshine. Before Easter they were both received into the Catholic Church, and that festal season was to them a season of joy and delight hitherto utterly unknown. Their kind English friends in Rome and London, and their friends at home were perfectly aghast of course, when they learned that Henry Elford and his wife had joined the Church of Rome.

The blank terror and astonishment which Protestants always feel when those whom they really care for "turn Catholics," contrasts singularly and painfully with the peace, tranquillity and joy which the converts themselves are experiencing at the same time. Now for the first time it appeared to them that they began to live, and now they had something to live for: to live one single day a Catholic in a state of grace, was sufficient in itself, if that day were to be their last. What then would it be to live many days and many years, if God should give them years, Catholics in a state of grace?

We shall not detain our readers any longer. The travellers completed at leisure their European tour, and returned home. They were of course perfectly well received by their former friends, the good Protestants of Boston, and by their new Catholic acquaintances. The mortal sin of Popery was readily forgiven to a man who like Mr. Elford was able to cover offences of that heinous nature with reliable bank notes and certificates of state stock, while the prudent Catholics of New York, among whom they established themselves, finding that they purchased a house on the Fifth avenue and came to church on rainy Sundays in their own carriage, never doubted that Mr. and Mrs. Elford were an acquisition to their society.

But let us not grudge them the consideration which wealth was able to procure them. No doubt they had trials enough, though they were exempt from the trials of poverty: it is impossible for people educated as the Elford had been, to become Catholics and live as such in the United States without tasting the wormwood and feeling the cross.

Our story is ended. We have brought our friends a weary road, but they have found their home at last; that safe and happy home in the Catholic Church where who is so blessed as to arrive, can only look back with joy and thankfulness upon the pains and perils of the voyage thither. We think we have shown that the child-like trust with which the dying mother abandoned her infant to the love and care of an Almighty and unseen Father was not misplaced; and if her prayers for her husband were not answered in his conversion, it was his own fault, he had his opportunity; and He who bestows His gifts where they may best serve His own glory, and Who of two men working the same field, chooses one and leaves the other, lavished upon Henry Elford, who had no Catholic friend to pray for him, those precious graces which his father-in-law despised.

If any of our readers are charitably disposed to think that so estimable and in many respects excellent a woman as Henry's mother must have become a Catholic at last, we are sorry to disappoint them, but she never did. She lived a Protestant and died as she had lived and never received the grace of faith; and Haraden also, as he had lived without God, so he died without religion, and his faithless life was terminated by a hopeless death and a grand funeral.

Mary Elford failed not to meet again in her new place of residence the cousin whose kind arms had sheltered her infancy, and, no doubt, her Irish heart, true to the instincts of kindred and affection, repaid in blossoming womanhood the tenderness which had shielded and cherished her frail bud of life.

THE END.

Gems from our Poets.

THE REV. ADRIAN ROUQUETTE, OF LOUISIANA.

THE Abbé Adrian Rouquette is a native of New Orleans, and as his name informs us, of French Creole extraction, belonging to a distinguished Louisianian family. He made his studies in France, at the Royal College of Nantes, with a view to embracing the profession of the law, which he studied for some years; then, renouncing the world, which at first had for him great attractions, he entered the seminary of the diocese of New Orleans, to fit himself for the ecclesiastical state, and on the eighth of September, 1844, received the subdeaconship from the hands of Mgr. Blanc, being the first creole who had embraced the sacred career of the ministry since the cession of Louisiana to the United States. He was ordained priest in July, 1845, by the same prelate, being still the first creole priest since the cession, and the second Louisianian who had received the holy dignity. M. l'abbé Rouquette is, therefore, still young. He is attached to the Cathedral of New Orleans, and is the Secretary of His Grace the Archbishop.

The first poetry published by the young Louisianian, then but a student, was a volume of French Poems, under the title of "*Les Savanes*," which was published at Paris, in 1841, and was received by the literary celebrities of the French capital with an "unanimous cry of sympathy and encouragement."—"You are the bard of Louisiana," writes to him Brizeux, the "*Ossian of Armorica*," "but France also claims you and places you among her Poets."—"I have recognized in your poetry," says Barthelemy, the Juvenal of Marseilles, "an abundant facility, and a lofty religious philosophy."—Sainte-Beuve happily says, "I have taken pleasure in respiring in your *Savanes*, all sorts of perfumes full of youth and of freedom." We regret that we have never seen this doubtless charming volume, but we can easily fancy it all that is said of it.

The other works of M. Rouquette, so far as known to us, are his beautiful and poetical treatise on the Solitary Life, entitled *La Thébaïde en Amérique*, and noticed by us last month; a discourse on the victory of New Orleans, delivered on occasion of its celebration; and a slender volume of English Poems, called "*Wild Flowers*." The latter are exquisite productions, and in spite of their modest title, of a rare finish. The English is, we suppose, not the writer's native tongue, but he is perfect master of its melody, and as we have elsewhere remarked, is evidently conversant in an unusual degree with its poetical literature. And that he is a poet by nature and necessity, appears in every line, and more strikingly in his prose than in his verse, the poetical beauties of the former seeming from their very form, more the effect of an irrepressible impulse.—"I was then," he writes in his preface, "as if irresistibly, though pleasingly, impelled to write in that *unknown* language;—an ethereal and serene atmosphere, a burning and luminous fluid, a mysterious dew of light, *ros lucis*, as sayeth the prophet Isaias, descending from heaven, pervaded my nervous, faint and feverish frame, and penetrated my very heart's core;—I felt oppressed;—I took my pen and wrote:—and thus was brought to light this little book of poetry;—thus bloomed spontaneously these *Wild Flowers*, which I now usher into the world."—"In that flowery and sunny month" (May) he adds, "I at last retired to Bayou Lacombe, my Thebaïs, the land of my mother and my boyhood's land,—my shelter and my nook; I fled

from the dusty and tumultuous city, there to roam and muse, amidst balmy shrubs and odoriferous plants, in the lonely, ever-green and harmonious groves of aged oaks, dark cedars and lofty pines ;—and there it was, during the lingering hours of twilight, while the mystic and mellowing hues of the sky were blending into slow-coming darkness, there it was that I felt the mysterious working of a poetical rapture, and was visited by the mild and swaying Messenger.”

This is poetry, all will agree, and makes us anticipate no common result from the union of that passionate sentiment with the sensible form of verse, the body of poesy. Doubtless it is a rare art that knows how to *embody* the fleeting soul of poetry,—a rare vigor and manliness of soul are supposed in him who can *hold* the burning metal till it is wrought into shape by his workman’s hammer. With most, in the mechanical process of versification, the fine spirit escapes, there remains only a hard and lifeless structure. This difficulty, which the true poet feels, the Abbé Rouquette thus expresses.

TO MY FRIEND.

* * * * * But what is writ, is writ, —
Would it were worthier ! But I am not now
That which I have been. —BYRON.

Oh ! that I could your language write,
As you do mine,
In mystic, sacred words I might
My soul inshrine ;

Again I might, in golden rhymes,
Let flow my thought ;
But I have been in distant climes,
And *there* forgot !

Oh ! that I could your language rule,
As I did once,
With graceful stress, as when at school,
Each word pronounce ;

In hallowed songs of joy or gloom
Our souls would blend,
And every verse would spring and bloom
At my command.

But now, in vain, although to please,
Attention strives
To wake the words, like clust’ring bees,
In mem’ry’s hives :

As when at school, I speak no more
Your mother tongue ;
Nor can I sing a tuneful lore
As once I sung !

A fragment-like address to his muse, in blank verse, attests that the French poet does not feel in English the difficulty which he would experience in his own language, of writing poetry without rhyme.

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Crowned with a beaming diadem of stars,
In sweeping robe of snowy white attired,
And with a stainless lily in thy hand,
My Muse, my only friend, my vestal bride,
Art thou a child of Eve, of sinful flesh;
A vulgar, mortal-born and wedded child?

"No," cries the priest-poet, who, like all poets (for the unction changes not, but consecrates the nature), has felt the power of that brilliant yet soft image, the reflex of what is noblest in ourselves, where all that is gross and carnal is excluded, and the pure sympathy for what is divine in nature alone is incorporated — sees it, feels it, not despairing but consoled — "that nympholepsy of a fond despair," — because in the hour of his inspiration it comes like a spirit visitant, like the fabled Egeria, to utter prophecies and deliver laws.

And as thou comest on, my raptured soul
Thy coming greets, as that of spirits fair,
Of smiling messengers from worlds above.

Hail then, my only friend, my virgin bride:
I bow and stoop in silence at thy feet,
Subdued and conquered by the awful spell
Of holiness and mild virginity;
Unworthy most to greet, admire and praise,
I bow and stoop in silent humbleness.

One of the most beautiful and characteristic poems in the collection (we wish we had room for it) is that on "Virginal Chastity," full of beautiful thoughts and expressed in a style of which the dignity is uniformly sustained. Since we cannot quote the whole, take the following as a specimen —

Thou art what lilies seem in blooming fields;
What seem, — O most unmeet comparisons! —
'Mongst noblest birds the eagle and the dove,
Stars in the skies, the snow on highest mounts,
The glittering dew on desert flow'rs untouched,
Pearls in the deep, midst metals virgin gold; —
Veiled in thy beauty, humble though a queen,
Thou art, among thy wedded rivals proud,
What sparkling diamonds seem midst lesser gems; —
And e'en, — why not thy excellence proclaim? —
Thou art above the angel, far above;
For wrapped in flesh, and lured by carnal lust,
On earth still tempted, and victorious still,
Thou stands't upright, undaunted heroine!
By sin unstained, thou leads't an angel's life,
Less happy, yet by virtue more than *he*,
Yes, more than *he*, a spirit pure and safe,
From passion free, and settled now in bliss!

We cannot say of this passage, with the poet himself —

"My voice how faint; unechoed, all my notes;
How scattered by the wind my leafless flow'rs!"

We have room only for one more specimen of this fine native poet, an ornament alike to the Church and to our country, drawing his blood from the latter, and from the former his purest inspirations, most happily exemplified in the following—

TO MY FRIEND

THE WILD LILY AND THE PASSION FLOWER.

Qui non accepit crucem suam, et
Sequitur me, non est me dignus.

(ST. MATT. I, 38).

Sweet flow'r of light,
The queen of solitude,
The image bright
Of grace-born maidenhood,

Thou risest tall
Midst struggling weeds that droop:—
Thy lieges all,
They humbly bow and stoop.

Dark-colored flow'r,
How solemn, awful, sad!—
I feel thy power,
O king, in purple clad!

With head recline,
Thou art the emblem dear
Of woes divine;
The flower I most revere!

The lily white,
The purple passion flow'r;
Mount Thabor bright,
The gloomy Olive-bower.

Such is our life,—
Alternate joys and woes,
Short peace, long strife,
Few friends and many foes!

My friend, away
All wailings here below:
The royal way
To realms above is wo!

To suffer much
Has been the fate of Saints;
Our fate is such:—
Away, away all plaints!

Some of our readers (without describing them more particularly, we may observe that they are among the chief admirers and readers of poetry) may like to know something about the personal appearance of this bard who sings so sweetly, yet so loftily and simply, among the fragrant groves of Louisiana. Not that it can possi-

bly be of any consequence to them, for, as we have seen, he is vowed to a higher service than theirs, and feeds his soul with holier loves than this dark planet bounds; but still we feel a certain curiosity, which the following may gratify, taken from a New Orleans secular paper.

"A youthful-looking priest, with a degree of nervous agitation natural to his years, crossed the sanctuary, and kneeling before the bishop for his blessing, quickly ascended the pulpit. We know not when we have been more deeply interested in the appearance of a Christian minister. His long, black, luxuriant locks fell back in curls from a wide, though not elevated forehead, beneath which glowed dark and eloquent eyes, full of fire and expression, and set in arched eyebrows, black as his hair, imparting a striking Italian character to the upper portion of his face. His nose was well defined, yet delicate, such as we often see in the paintings of the ancient masters. His face was thin, colorless and of a clear olive tint, while around his mouth there constantly hung an expression of peculiar sweetness. The whole head was statuesque in lineament and intellectual in expression."—In speaking, "during his exordium, which was modest, yet full of grace, he could be heard with difficulty; but as he proceeded and became excited by his subject, his voice increased in volume without losing its musical tone, his eyes flashed, the muscles of his face quivered with emotion, and gracious smiles, like the undulations that move on the surface of a transparent lake, played on his eloquent lips; and his gesticulation, unstudied, energetic, and yet highly graceful, rendered still more lively and captivating the expression of his soul and his intelligence stirring beneath their mortal coil."

This is a poetical description of a poet, orator and priest. Philarète Charles likewise describes his modesty, his diffidence, the feebleness of his voice (sonorous and vibrating as it is) at his exordium, then his kindling fervor, and his passionate, varying and impetuous eloquence, as he proceeds, and pronounces him "the orator of the Louisianian youth." We trust that amid the laborious duties of the mission, the Abbé Rouquette may yet find leisure now and then to cultivate the sacred muses who have favored him so highly in the flowery solitudes of Bayou-Lacombe.

WAS SHAKSPEARE A CATHOLIC?*

Is the great question of the comparative intellectual influences of Catholicity and Protestantism, the names of Shakspeare and Spenser are generally relied upon by Protestants as decisive with regard to poetry. As to Spenser, however, he has never been a popular poet like Shakspeare, who has been the idol of the people; who has laid fast hold on their passions and feelings; and to whom they proudly appeal as a splendid specimen of the opening glory of that intellectual emancipation which is vaunted as the primary result of the Reformation. To Shakspeare, learned and unlearned among Protestants alike appeal on this great controversy, as the learned among them point to the poetry of Spenser or the prose of Bacon.

There is, however, a flagrant fallacy in this argument; which to detect simply requires the slightest attention to chronology. These illustrious men were not the first-fruits of Protestantism, but the last legacies of Catholicity. It is true, when they wrote, the country was Protestant; but it had only just become so even by law; and in fact and spirit it was scarcely so: it was in a state of transition and

* From the *Rambler* for July, 1854.

struggle; and the struggle lasted more or less from the Reformation to the Revolution. The real question is, not what were they when they wrote, but what were they when they were educated? when their minds were opened and fed with that first deep stock of ideas, which Lord Brougham declares exceeds in value and in vigor all that are subsequently acquired? What was England when they were born and bred? What were those among whom they lived? Under what influences were they brought up? To a large extent Catholic. Not exclusively so, of course; but to such an extent as to color their character and influence their ideas.

Shakspeare was born in the early part of the reign of Elizabeth, when only a few years had elapsed since England was ruled by a Catholic sovereign, and solemnly reconciled to the Holy See. It may be conjectured, then, that Shakspeare's parents were most probably Catholics. And there is much to confirm this conclusion. In the house in which he was born, an ancient document was discovered purporting to be the will of John Shakspeare the father, and sufficiently attesting his faith by its fine old Catholic commencement: "I commend my soul to Almighty God and to the Blessed Mary ever Virgin." It is true that Malone, with the instinct of a Protestant critic, rejects the genuineness of this document: but a Catholic will as much suspect the impartiality of his reasoning as that of Spelman, when, from a similar bias, he rejects the evidences afforded to the ancient orthodoxy of England, derived from books purporting to have been written in the age of Alfred; and which the ingenious antiquary labors to prove were written some centuries afterwards. One answer suffices to all such theories. They were never heard of until the necessities of the Protestant argument required them. To recur, however, to Shakspeare. We said many other facts confirmed the conclusion as to his Catholic education, or at least the Catholic coloring of his character, and its influence upon his mind. Of course, one great fact upon the subject would be the style and spirit of his poetry. Does that betray a latent love of Catholicity? Does it exhibit the influence of Catholicity? This question we propose to discuss. And our conviction is, that the poetry of Shakspeare does exhibit the character of his mind, and the influence of Catholicity upon it; an influence often unconscious, but on that account making the more interesting the fact of its existence. When he wrote, Elizabeth was in the zenith of her power, and the Catholics were depressed and persecuted. But that does not prove that Catholicity was extinguished. It is notorious that a large number of her subjects who ostensibly "conformed" were really attached to the ancient faith. On the part of the queen herself, the controversy was really as to the question of supremacy, or rather as to her own legitimacy. Her father had only quarrelled on the supremacy; and she would gladly have submitted to that, if her own legitimacy could have been admitted. One would expect *à priori*, then, to find Shakspeare pandering, indeed, to royal passions and popular prejudices as to the question of Roman supremacy; but on all other subjects betraying a Catholic spirit, or the influence of it, at all events, upon his mind. And so it is.

We need not remind our readers that a large proportion of Shakspeare's plays are founded upon stories, the scenes of which are laid in Catholic life, and many of them in English history; which up to the very last reign (with the exception of a few years), had been Catholic. And it cannot but be observed that he reverts to those scenes and times with enthusiastic admiration, and in no spirit of detraction. We might, indeed, expect (as we have already observed) to find him embrace every opportunity, from the reign of John to that of Henry VIII., to pander to popular prejudices as to the "domination" of Rome. And accordingly, in the

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play of "King John" — the earliest of the historical series — we have some celebrated passages, breathing the spirit of "the royal supremacy;" and which have served ever since as watchwords against "Papal usurpation." He represents the king as saying:

"What earthly name to interrogatories
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England
Add this much more, — That no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
But as we under heaven are supreme head,
So, under him that great supremacy,
Where we do reign we will alone uphold,
Without the assistance of a mortal hand:
So tell the pope; all reverence set apart,
To him, and his usurp'd authority."

Our readers will recognise in the phrase, "Italian priest," the very expression applied by Lord John Russell to Archbishop Cullen, in the debates on Papal Aggression; so lasting are prejudices once implanted in the popular mind. And they will recollect the next line as quoted by the late Lord Chancellor (Truro) at a city banquet during the height of that agitation. The very chords of national feeling, so skilfully played on by Shakspeare under the patronage of the statesmen of Elizabeth, were made to vibrate again, after the lapse of three centuries, by the ministers of Victoria. But let no one imagine these passages prove any thing as to Shakspeare's real feelings. Listen to the lines in the same play, in which he afterwards depicts the true character and actual conduct of the monarch in whose mouth he has just put such high-sounding sentiments of independence and freedom:

"Cousin, away for England; haste before:
And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; angels imprisoned
Set thou at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon:
Use our commission in his utmost force."

To which the Bastard replies with glee:

"Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back,
When gold and silver beck me to come on."

Does not this look like sarcasm? Could Shakspeare fail to recollect how recently a sovereign, similar in spirit and in conduct, had issued such a commission? Could he be oblivious to the plunder and murder of "abbots" under the father of the reigning monarch? No argument against the supposition can be drawn from the fact of Elizabeth's relationship to the royal plunderer; for it is not to be doubted that she in her heart disapproved of his conduct; so that Shakspeare knew he could not offend her by his sarcasm. It was for her mother, not her father, she was jealous; for her father was her mother's murderer. Certain it is, if he had

meant sarcasm, it could not have been more severe; and that he most aptly portrayed the spirit and temper of the royal ruffians who had plundered the Church, and the rapacious courtiers who had proved their ready tools.

Shakspeare has himself supplied the best comment upon his own sarcasm in those severe lines upon—

“That sly devil,
That daily break-vow; he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids—
That smooth-fac’d gentleman, tickling commodity—
Commodity, the bias of the world—
The world, which of itself is poised well,
Made to run even upon even ground,
Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent.”

All this, of course, would be perfectly consistent with Shakspeare’s seizing every opportunity to hold up to royal and national detestation the supremacy of the Holy See; and of course this disposition would especially manifest itself in regard to the legates and cardinals, as most closely connected with Rome. In the fulfilment of this purpose he is utterly unscrupulous as to truth, and distorts and falsifies the facts of history in a most unprincipled manner. Thus, in the “King John,” he represents Pandulph, the papal legate, as driving a sordid sort of traffic with the king in the independence of England, and engaged in a kind of conspiracy to enslave it; whereas *Magna Charta* attests that the papal legate was not Pandulph, but the Archbishop of Canterbury, and that both worked together for the obtaining of that great charter. So, in “Henry V,” he portrays Cardinal Beaufort in the most odious colors, both covetous and ambitious, proud, cruel, and overbearing, and the murderer of the “good Duke of Gloucester;” and represents the king as paying the warmest tribute of respect to the character of the duke, and as speaking in the strongest terms against the cardinal. The truth of history is precisely the reverse of all this: the cardinal’s was a truly noble character, and the duke was a designing traitor; and the king himself well knew it.

In the next play, “Richard II,” is a passage on which Shakspeare dwells with a fondness and fulness of expression quite unnecessary, unless as the outbreak of his own inward feelings, on the character of Catholic England. He makes John of Gaunt, on the bed of death, utter a long speech, in which occur the following lines:

“This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
This earth of majesty, the seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress built by nature for herself,
Against infection and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear’d by their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home
(For Christian service and true chivalry),

As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry,
Of the world's ransom, *blessed Mary's Son*:
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now *leased out* (I die pronouncing it),
Like to a *tenement or pelling farm*."

The latter expressions are singularly applicable to the condition of England in the reign of Edward VI, when the Church lands were literally "leased out" to the courtiers like so many farms.

Let it be remarked, we are not in the least attempting to conceal that Shakspeare was an accomplice in that great conspiracy of talent and tyranny which Dr. Newman so eloquently describes, to poison all the traditions of the age with the perversions of Protestantism. On the contrary, we are showing that he was a prime and powerful agent in that conspiracy, perhaps the most powerful; for, as we set out with saying, he was, and is, and ever will be, a popular poet; and while a Coke could pervert the laws, a Shakspeare could pervert the passions of the people, and instill into their minds prejudices which centuries could not eradicate. But what we are proving is, that those prejudices which he conceived himself under a necessity by his complicity in that conspiracy to implant, to propagate, and perpetuate, were only such as related to Rome and the Pope, and did not affect any other part of the Catholic religion, — her most sacred mysteries, her divine dogmas, or her sacramental system. And our argument is fortified by the fact, that on topics connected with the Holy See, the great poet did his utmost to awaken and deepen popular prejudices; while he never makes an allusion, or an observation, in the least tending to depart from the respect due to the Catholic doctrines or sacraments, or to any other part of the Catholic system, although ample opportunities offered themselves for his alluding to such subjects, opportunities of which, as we shall show, he systematically availed himself only to convey sentiments of the most sincere reverence and respect, and breathing much of the true Catholic spirit.

It is in perfect consistency with our theory, therefore, that we find the poet, in "Henry VI," representing Cardinal Beaufort in the vilest colors, in utter and unscrupulous opposition to the truth. There can be no question that the popular impression in this country as to the pride of Roman prelates has its source in Shakspeare. No one can read this play without perceiving how powerfully all the most odious traits of overbearing ambition, unrelenting animosity, and unyielding pride, are accumulated in the portrait he draws of the cardinal. In the dispute between him and the duke, he always displays the cardinal as animated by the most bitter animosity and malice; and finally represents him as the murderer of the duke, and as dying in agonies of remorse. How false all this was, Shakspeare could hardly fail to know. The facts were then far more recent and fresh in men's minds than they are now; yet at this distance of time, one or two dates and simple truths speak forcibly as to the mendacity of these misrepresentations. The duke's death took place in 1447, some years previous to which the cardinal had retired from court and relinquished politics; occupying himself in the duties of his diocese, where he expended vast sums in completing the cathedral and endowing the hospital of St. Cross; the Duke of Suffolk having become the royal favorite and the rival of Gloucester in those courtly scenes from which Beaufort had withdrawn. A recent Protestant writer* says: "So powerful has been the enchantment of Shaks-

* Foss's Lives of the Judges.

peare's genius, that his dramatic picture of the cardinal's character is too often accepted for historical truth, without reflecting that the simple object of the bard was to enliven scenes developing political events, and to create a powerful interest in his audience by exhibiting the great action of the time in strong and exciting contrast." Poor apology this for systematic and studied mendacity; and it is hard to say whether the calumny or the apology betrays the worse morality.

In regard to the character given of the prelate of the Church, this play of "Henry VI" is very like that of "King John:"

"What! is my lord of Winchester install'd,
And call'd unto a cardinal's degree?
Then I perceive that will be verified
Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesy,—
If once he come to be a cardinal,
He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown."

The cardinal himself is made to say:

"Now Winchester will not submit, I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
Humphrey of Gloucester, thou shalt well perceive,
That, neither in birth, nor for authority,
The bishop will be overborne by thee:
I'll either make thee stoop and bend thy knee,
Or sack this country with a mutiny."

On the other hand, the duke exclaims:—

"Under my feet I'll stamp thy cardinal's hat,
In spite of pope or dignities of Church,"

—the lines made use of with such exquisite good taste by Lord Truro at the City dinner already mentioned. So in Henry VIII, the great dramatist, in a similar spirit, represents Buckingham, as the victim of Wolsey, without the least warrant from history; and in the teeth of history, makes the exactions of that reign the sole result of the voluntary and unauthorized rapacity of the cardinal, in opposition to the wishes of the king. Notwithstanding this, however, it is very observable, that, on the whole, Shakspeare takes care to do that justice to the character of Wolsey which he withholds from Beaufort. And this is the more remarkable, because the cardinal was the great foe of Anne Boleyn, the mother of Elizabeth; and one would have supposed that Shakspeare would have been anxious to exhibit him in the worst possible light. Throughout there is a great deal that is extremely interesting in this play, in the point of view in which we are considering it. One of the most beautiful passages is that in which the poet speaks of Catherine, the mother of Mary:—

"Of her,
That like a jewel has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
Of her, that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with."

He represents Anne Boleyn as speaking of her thus :

“ Oh ! now, after
So many courses of the sun enthron'd
Still growing in a majesty and pomp, — the which
To leave is a thousand-fold more bitter than
'Tis sweet at first to acquire, — after this process
To give her the avaunt ! It is a pity
Would move a monster.”

One might suspect that the poet imagined his royal patron would easily pardon this inuendo as to the cruelty of the murderer of her mother, albeit her own father. But the manner in which he portrays Anne herself, Elizabeth's mother, is still more remarkable. He makes her say :

“ By my troth and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.”

To which he makes her *confidante* answer :

“ Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for't; and so would you,
For all the spice of your hypocrisy:
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings; and which gifts
(Saving your mincing) the capacity
Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.”

Considering that the person thus spoken to in such a tone of sarcasm was the mother of the queen reigning when Shakspeare wrote, and contrasting this with the respectful manner in which Catherine, the mother of Mary, is spoken of, on the validity of whose marriage depended Elizabeth's title, our readers will admit that there is something very remarkable in this language. He makes the king speak thus of Catherine :

“ Thou art, alone,
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness, saint-like, wife-like government, —
Obeying in commanding, — and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out),
The queen of earthly queens.”

And, on the other hand, he clearly conveys his own conviction of the iniquity of the divorce and the hypocrisy of the pretence upon which it was carried by the king, whose courtiers are represented as speaking thus :

“ ‘ It seems the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.’
‘ No; his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.’”

And so broadly is the hypocrisy of the king depicted, that it looks almost like burlesque:

"Oh, my Wolsey!
The quiet of my wounded conscience.
Oh, conscience, conscience!
'Tis a tender place."

Shakspeare represents the courtiers as ascribing the divorce to Wolsey, but he also represents the king as solemnly and publicly relieving him from that charge; and he does enough justice to the character of the cardinal, at the close of his career, in the following lines:

"This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honor. From his cradle
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading:
Lofty, and sour, to them that lov'd him not;
But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfied in getting
(Which was a sin), yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely: ever witness for him
Those twins of learning, that he raised in you,
Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And, to add greater honors to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God."

This eloquent eulogy speaks volumes as to Shakspeare's appreciation of the magnificent prelates whom the Catholic Church gave to this country, and who, with all their faults—even the least worthy of them—were an honor to it. And we repeat, all this is very remarkable, especially if it be supposed, as it usually is, that this play was written in the reign of Elizabeth; and contrasting it with the unscrupulous spirit in which the dignitaries of that Church are portrayed in other plays, when the scenes are laid in earlier reigns, there seems every reason to infer that it was not in those plays that Shakspeare spoke his real sentiments on the subject, but that he rather pandered to prevailing prejudices; and that in describing more recent events, he was led to express his sentiments more truly.

But was the play written in the reign of Elizabeth? Our opinion is that it was not, but at the commencement of the reign of James. Protestant critics find great difficulty in fixing the periods at which his plays were composed. But the circumstances we have suggested are not likely to have occurred to them, and appear very strongly to point to a later date than the others. At the accession of James the poet was scarcely thirty-six years of age, in the prime of his vigor; as he received the royal patent from the king directly on his accession, there is a great probability that his genius just then would be active. And the whole character of the

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play betokens a genius mellowed and matured. If we are right in our conjecture, it would explain the remarkable circumstances we have pointed out in the play of Henry VIII. James was, not less than Elizabeth, born and bred a Catholic; and there can be no question his predilections were in harmony with Catholicity; and, of course, he would have no particular regard for the character of Anne Boleyn, nor aversion to that of Cardinal Wolsey, nor any interest in maintaining the lawfulness of Henry's divorce, or the legitimacy of Elizabeth. So that the poet would be at perfect liberty to convey his own impressions and express his own sincere feelings; and we conceive that he has done so in the beautiful passages we have quoted.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Review of Current Literature.

1. *CONFERENCES prononcées dans l'Eglise du Gesu, a Rome, pendant le Careme de 1851. Par le R. P. Ch. Passaglia, de la Compagnie de Jésus. Traduites de l'Italien par l'Abbé A. M. * * *, Professeur au grand séminaire de R. * * * Paris: Gaume Frères. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.*

It is the remark of the *Ciriltà Cattolica* that the conferences of Fr. Passaglia are to Italy what those of Cardinal Wiseman and Dr. Newman are to England, those of Lacordaire and Ravignan to France. They are, indeed, a perfect contrast in style and method as well to the English as to the French apologists. Father Passaglia aims at extreme conciseness and condensation. His procedure is brief, scholastic, rigorous; at the same time it is clear, convincing, irresistible. He does not dazzle the imagination, and charm the affections; he has no impetuous flow of oratory, no grand climaxes, no magnificent perorations. He strikes, it as it were, but one blow, and waits to see its effect: but that one blow is stunning, and infidelity falls before it like an ox struck between the horns with the mallet. A remarkable feature of these conferences is the regular, scientific progression of the argument from the first to the last, forming a perfect whole, and exhausting the proof, in a wonderfully small compass. It is a small book, but fruitful in ideas. Fr. Passaglia uses the method of analogy, inaugurated in our language by a Protestant writer, of whom we had recently occasion to speak, but he uses it in a different manner from Butler, and as a man who more fully comprehends his end. That vagueness in the position to be established, which in spite of the solidity and endless availability of the argument, distresses the readers of the English divine, is replaced in the illustrious Roman Jesuit by an absolute firmness and resoluteness as to his ultimate principle, which though he does not yet openly speak of it, is evident to the reader from the first, and grows more irresistibly certain, but not more distinct, with every step of the overwhelming argument. Passaglia is celebrated for his classic style, and the translation appears to be of a scrupulous fidelity.

2. *WOODCRAFT, OR HAWKS about the Dovecote. A story of the South at the close of the Revolution. By W. Gilmore Simms, Esq. New and Revised Edition. Redfield: New York.*

3. *THE SCOUT, or the Black Riders of Congaree. By the same author, and publisher.*

Mr. Redfield is re-publishing the whole series of Mr. Simms' popular romances of the revolution. They are all illustrated in a very spirited manner by Darley. Simms (we have said something like this before) is an American G. P. R. James, with more variety and freshness than his original. The school has its use, and it is a merit of Mr. Simms in particular to have familiarized the public with certain chapters of our history, which, before he wrote, were rapidly passing into forgetfulness.

4. **MODERN HISTORY**, from the *Coming of CHRIST* and the change of the Roman Republic into an Empire, to the year of our LORD 1854. By *Peter Fredet*, D. D., Professor of History in St. Mary's College, Baltimore. *Tenth edition*, carefully Revised, Enlarged and Improved. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.
5. **ANCIENT HISTORY**, from the Dispersion of the Sons of Noe to the Battle of Actium and the Change of the Roman Republic into an Empire. By *Peter Fredet*, D. D., &c. *Fourth Edition*, carefully Revised, Enlarged and Improved. Baltimore: J. Murphy & Co.

If any Catholic in youth has studied history out of the manuals used in Protestant schools and wants a sweet refreshment to his mind and heart that will pay him off for all the drudgery of his early lessons, let him open the Rev. Dr. Fredet's histories any where, and read. The style is veritably charming by its simplicity, and by the quiet love of his subject which the Reverend author constantly displays. This interest felt by himself is naturally infused into the narrative, so that it is no wonder it becomes, however familiar, however concisely expressed, invested with a pleasing freshness in his hands. It is the language of a talented and successful teacher, who relates to his class the great events of time, succinctly, but graphically, without bombast, yet in a lively and picturesque manner. Take this little scrap :

"This example was faithfully imitated : of all the followers of Cataline, none perished without having fought bravely, and most fell in the very spot which they had first occupied. Their desperate leader fell together with them, covered with wounds. He was found among heaps of dead, still breathing, and showing on his countenance the same fierceness and audacity which had always actuated him and caused him to be so much dreaded by all virtuous citizens. His bloody designs perished with him; and Cicero, to whose activity and zeal Rome owed her preservation, received from the gratitude of his citizens the glorious surname of *Father of his Country*."

It is thus that history should be written for youth. Of the more substantial merits of Fredet at this day it is superfluous to speak. We have but one fault to find with his histories, and some may consider it a merit — they are too brief.

6. **IRVING'S SERIES OF CATECHISMS**, IMPROVED BY KERNEY. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

We have here the Catechism of the *History of England* (Seventh Edition); of *Grecian History* (Sixth Edition); of *Grecian Antiquities* (Fifth Edition); and of *Practical Chemistry* (Fifth Edition,) all revised and improved. Of Kerney's Catechisms we have before spoken, and their excellence and adaptation to the capacities and requirements of the young folks for whom they are intended, are too well known to need our praise.

7. **SHORT AND FAMILIAR ANSWERS TO THE MOST COMMON OBJECTIONS URGED AGAINST RELIGION**. From the French of *P. Abbé de Ségur*: formerly Chaplain of the Military Prison at Paris. Edited by *J. V. Huntington*. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

That we think highly of this little book is evident from the fact that we have taken the trouble to edit, and in fact to translate it. In its original language it has had an unparalleled success — we mean not simply success of sale, but success of conversions wrought by Heaven through its instrumentality. The persons for whom it is primarily intended are those rude and yet shrewd infidels to be met with in every country in common life, and among the less lettered classes, and it is almost unique as a book adapted to these; yet to believers, and to the most refined readers, it has a charm not less striking. "There reigns in all the book," says that admirable critical Journal, the *Bibliographie Catholique*, "a delicious simplicity of unction; whosoever opens it, wishes to continue its perusal, and its charming pages shed a soft light which scatters shadows, causes difficulties to vanish, destroys prejudices, restores rectitude to the judgment, to truth its place, to religion its benefits and its splendor. Nothing can be more simply written, to be sure, but also nothing can be more touching, more natural, more loyal, more straightforward, more persuasive. It is a discourse without pompous preparation, but full of fascination."

We can scarcely speak of the manner in which the translation has been performed; but of the motives which led to it, and also of the merits of the work, we can probably say nothing better than what is already contained in the preface to the American edition.

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8. **THE SPIRIT RAPPER; an Autobiography.** By *O. A. Brownson*, Author of "Charles Elwood." Boston: Little, Brown & Co. London: Charles Dolman.

We content ourselves in this place with simply announcing the above long expected book, as its style and other merits are freely discussed in *Maga's Own*.

9. **FIRMILIAN: A "Spasmodic" Tragedy.** By *T. Percy Jones*. Redfield: New York.

This brilliant *jeu d'esprit* is also noticed elsewhere. We may observe here that to those who have read "Festus," by BAILEY, "The Life Drama" of ALEXANDER SMITH, the Poems of TENNYSON, the "GOLDEN LEGEND" of LONGFELLOW, or "Faust" by GOETHE, this exceedingly clever satire will be a source of entertainment, not unmingled with instruction. To those of our readers who are unacquainted with the above mentioned specimens of romantic literature, "Firmilian" will be nearly unintelligible. In fact so many works, and so wide a school, are hit more or less hard, that one must have well read up, to be able to enjoy it. The author is W. E. AYTON, son-in-law of KIT NORTH, and his successor in the editorship of Blackwood's Magazine.

10. **LE PROTESTANTISME ET LA REGLE DE FOI; Par le R. P. Jean Perrone, Recteur Général du Collège Romain: Traduit de l'Italien par M. l'Abbé A. C. Peltier. Avec une notice historique sur la vie et les ouvrages du R. P. Perrone, par M. l'Abbé F. E. Chassay.** Paris: Louis Vives. Baltimore: Murphy & Co. 3 vols. 8vo.

We must simply acknowledge this month the receipt of this celebrated work by the "Prince of living Theologians" — celebrated although fresh, as it were, from the press, having enjoyed already three editions in Italian. Fruit of the exile of Father Perrone in 1848, it is perhaps, the most effective of his works, and one which, (if we may credit a high authority,) ought to be in the hands of every educated Catholic.

11. **LOSS AND GAIN; or, The Story of a Convert.** By *John Henry Newman*. Boston: Patrick Donahoe.

It is but a short time since we gave a full notice of the latest English, or rather Irish edition of this charming book. We did not at that time anticipate that it would so soon appear in an American edition: but in saying, according to the stereotype phrase, that Mr. Donahoe has conferred a favor upon the public in bringing it out in a form so much more accessible to the vast majority of readers, we say what is seldom so true. We observed in our former notice of *Loss and Gain*, that it is "addressed to a very high order of mind — too high for mere popularity." It is addressed, in fact, to the class from whom a vast proportion of the English and American converts is derived, and to those old Catholics who, from education and sympathy, take an interest in this surprising movement, which is not so nearly come to a close as some persons think. It is particularly a book that goes along with Dr. Ives's *Trials of a Mind* in explaining how it is that educated Protestants are, so many of them, embracing the "superstitions of Popery;" which were the bug-bear of their childhood — nay, of their manhood and womanhood. But *Loss and Gain* is not only this; it is not only a biting satire on Protestantism, on English religion, on Puseyism, on the English universities, on English notions, manners, customs and feelings, as Protestantism has formed them; and on the ridiculous priggish idea they have got, that their notions, manners, customs and feelings are a pattern for the whole world to cut its cloth by: — it is also and much more a delineation — in outline perhaps, but not the less tender and touching for that — of the sweetness, the beauty, the enrapturing attraction that the Catholic Church possesses, in itself, and specially for souls trained in that soul-starving system, and longing, through preventive grace, for the real bread of life.

Take the scene (chapters XIX and XX) where Willis, the convert, is undergoing the process of re-conversion to anglicanism, under the skilful hands of a couple of Oxford parsons — Reding, the hero, being a spectator. Bateman, a regular prig, is sure of his man: we quote —

"The conversation flagged; Bateman was again busy in his memory; and he was getting impatient too; time was slipping away, and no blow struck; moreover, Willis

was beginning to gape, and Charles seemed impatient to be released. 'These Romanists put things so plausibly,' he said to himself, 'but very unfairly, most unfairly; one ought to be up to their dodges. I dare say, if the truth were known, Willis has had lessons: he looks so demure; I dare say he is keeping back a great deal, and playing upon my ignorance. Who knows? perhaps he's a concealed Jesuit.' It was an awful thought, and suspended the course of his reflections some seconds. 'I wonder what he does really think; it's so difficult to get at the bottom of them; they won't tell tales, and they are under obedience; one never knows when to believe them. I suspect he has been wofully disappointed with Romanism; he looks so thin; but of course he won't say so; it hurts a man's pride, and he likes to be consistent; he doesn't like to be laughed at, and so he makes the best of things. I wish I knew how to treat him; I was wrong in having Reding here; of course Willis would not be confidential before a third person. He's like the fox that lost his tail. It was bad tact in me; I see it now; what a thing it is to have tact! it requires very delicate tact. There are so many things I wish to say, about Indulgences, about their so seldom communicating; I think I must ask him about the Mass.' So, after fidgeting a good deal within, while he was ostensibly employed in making tea, he commenced his last assault.

"Well, we shall have you back again among us by next Christmas, Willis," he said: 'I can't give you greater law; I am certain of it; it takes time, but slow and sure. What a joyful time it will be! I can't tell what keeps you; you are doing nothing; you are flung into a corner; you are wasting life. What keeps you?' Willis looked odd; and then simply answered 'Grace.' Bateman was startled, but recovered himself; 'Heaven forbid,' he said, 'that I should treat these things lightly, or interfere with you unduly. I know, my dear friend, what a serious fellow you are; but do tell me, just tell me, how can you justify the Mass, as it is performed abroad; how can it be called a 'reasonable service,' when all parties conspire to gabble it over; as if it mattered not a jot who attended to it, or even understood it? Speak, man, speak,' he added, gently shaking him by the shoulder. 'These are such difficult questions,' answered Willis; 'must I speak? Such difficult questions,' he continued, rising into a more animated manner, and kindling as he went on; 'I mean, people view them so differently; it is so difficult to convey to one person the idea of another. The idea of worship is different in the Catholic Church from the idea of it in your Church; for, in truth, the religions are different. Don't deceive yourself, my dear Bateman,' he said tenderly, 'it is not that ours is your religion carried a little farther, — a little too far, as you would say. No, they differ in kind, not in degree; ours is one religion, yours another. And when the time comes, and come it will, for you, alien as you are now, to submit yourself to the gracious yoke of Christ, then, my dearest Bateman, it will be *faith* which will enable you to bear the ways and usages of Catholics, which else might perhaps startle you. Else, the habits of years, the associations in your mind of a certain outward behavior with real inward acts of devotion, might embarrass you, when you had to conform yourself to other habits, and to create for yourself other associations. But this faith, of which I speak, the great gift of God, will enable you in that day to overcome yourself, and to submit, as your judgment, your will, your reason, your affections, so your tastes and likings to the rule and usage of the Church. Ah, that faith should be necessary in such a matter, and that what is so natural and becoming under the circumstances, should have need of an explanation! I declare, to me,' he said, and he clasped his hands on his knees, and looked forward as if soliloquizing, 'to me nothing is so consoling, so piercing, so thrilling, so overcoming, as the Mass, said as it is among us. I could attend masses forever, and not be tired. It is not a mere form of words, — it is a great action, the greatest action that can be on earth. It is, not the invocation merely, but, if I dare use the word, the evocation of the Eternal. He becomes present on the altar in flesh and blood, before whom angels bow and devils tremble. This is that awful event which is the end, and is the interpretation, of every part of the solemnity. Words are necessary, but as means, not as ends; they are not mere addresses to the throne of grace, they are instruments of what is far higher, of consecration, of sacrifice. They hurry on as if impatient to fulfil their mission. Quickly they go, the whole is quick; for they are all parts of one integral action. Quickly they go; for they are awful words of sacrifice, they are a work too great to delay upon; as when it was said in the beginning, 'What thou doest, do quickly.' Quickly they pass: for the Lord Jesus goes with them, as He passed along the lake in the days of His flesh, quickly calling first one and then another. Quickly they pass; because as the lightning which shineth from one part of the heaven unto the other, so is the coming of the Son of Man. Quickly they pass; for they are as the words of Moses, when the Lord came down in a cloud, calling on the Name of the Lord as he passed by, 'The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth.' And as Moses on the mountain, so we too 'make haste and bow our heads to the earth, and adore.' So we, all around, each in his place, look out for the great Advent, 'waiting for the moving of the

water.' Each in his place, with his own heart, with his own wants, with his own thoughts, with his own intentions, with his own prayers, separate but concordant, watching what is going on, watching its progress, uniting in its consummation;—not painfully and hopelessly following a hard form of prayer from beginning to end, but like a concert of musical instruments, each different, but concurring in a sweet harmony, we take our part with God's priest, supporting him, yet guided by him. There are little children there, and old men, and simple laborers, and students in seminaries, priests preparing for Mass, priests making their thanksgiving; there are innocent maidens, and there are penitents; but out of these many minds rises one eucharistic hymn, and the great Action is the measure and the scope of it. And O, my dear Bateman,' he added, turning to him, 'you ask me whether this is not a formal unreasonable service. It is wonderful!' he cried, rising up, 'quite wonderful. When will these dear good people be enlightened? *O Sapientia, fortiter suaviterque disponens omnia, O Adonai, O Clavis David et Expectatio gentium, veni ad salvandum nos, Domine Deus noster.*'

'Now, at least, there was no mistaking Willis. Bateman started and was almost frightened at a burst of enthusiasm which he had been far from expecting. 'Why, Willis,' he said, 'it is not true, then, after all, what we heard, that you were somewhat dubious, shaky, in your adherence to Romanism? I'm sure I beg your pardon; I would not for the world have annoyed you, had I known the truth.' Willis's face still glowed, and he looked as youthful and radiant as he had been two years before. There was nothing ungente in his impetuosity; a smile, almost a laugh, was on his face, as if he was half ashamed of his own warmth; but this took nothing from its evident sincerity. He seized Bateman's two hands, before the latter knew where he was, lifted him up out of his seat, and raising his own mouth close to his ear, said in a low voice, 'I would to God, that not only thou, but also all who hear me this day, were both in little and in much such as I am, except these chains.' Then, reminding him it had grown late, and bidding him good night, he left the room with Charles.

"Bateman remained a while with his back to the fire after the door had closed; presently he began to give expressions to his thoughts. 'Well,' he said, 'he's a brick, a regular brick; he has almost affected me myself. What a way those fellows have with them! I declare his touch has made my heart beat; how catching enthusiasm is! Any one but I might really have been unsettled. He is a real good fellow; what a pity we have not got him! he's just the sort of man we want. He'd make a splendid Anglican; he'd convert half the dissenters in the country. Well, we shall have them in time; we must not be impatient. But the idea of his talking of converting me! in little and in much,' as he worded it! By the by, what did he mean by 'except these chains?'" He sat ruminating on the difficulty; at first he was inclined to think that, after all, he might have some misgivings about his position; then he thought that perhaps he had a hair shirt or a catenella on him; and lastly he came to the conclusion that he had just meant nothing at all, and did but finish the quotation he had begun.

"After passing some little time in this state, he looked towards the tea tray; poured himself out another cup of tea; ate a bit of toast; took the coals off the fire; blew out one of the candles, and taking up the other, left the parlor, and wound like an omnibus up the steep twisting staircase to his bed-room."

There are few passages in the most admired fictions that surpass this in dramatic management or thrilling effect.

12. **GLORIES OF ST. JOSEPH** (McGrath, Philadelphia) is another little book on a somewhat similar plan with the "Glories of the Holy Angels" noticed last month. It is well calculated to excite devotion to the glorious spouse of the Immaculate Mother of God, and would be an excellent *vade-mecum* for the month of March.

13. **ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT OF ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, BARDSTOWN, KENTUCKY, 1853-4.** Bardstown: Ellis & Yager.

We acknowledge with pleasure the receipt of this prospectus and catalogue of the College founded by the saintly Flaget. The one annual session of the academic year, we observe, begins on the first Monday of September.

14. We acknowledge the receipt of three more parts of "HAYDOCK'S Family Bible and Commentary" from Messrs. Dunigan & Brother, with a beautiful vignette title-page of the New Testament, and cannot but express our just pride at the approaching completion of this magnificent enterprise.

Maga in the Mountains.

No. II.

THERE! the storm is over. The clouds have cleared away — the sun shines out with a soft autumnal brilliancy over fields now dark with moisture, meadows patched with tardy green, woods beginning to brighten with the livery of decay. The waters, too, have risen; the spout of Lavan's water-trough sings louder; the mills will be resuming their noisy work; — boards will be sawn, corn will be ground; and the young wheat and rye spring up, covering the lately naked ploughed fields with long lines of tender verdure: for the ground is really "soaked" at last.

Thank Heaven! there is no danger of famine. Our many plenteous years will more than overbalance the deficiencies of this. We must simply practise frugality and spare superfluities. A little less luxury, and a little more charity, will make all right. The lesson we have got is worth more than the half crop of corn they say we have lost, even should its value be counted at four hundred millions. But for the Church and her prayers, the matter had been much worse: and indeed, had not our ungrateful country driven from her shores the Angel who bore the benedictions of the Vicar of Christ in his uplifted hands, nor persecuted with proscription, with blood and with flame, the innocent children of the Covenant, the angels of Drought, of Fire and of Pestilence had haply not been sent to visit her.

We can burn the churches of God, if we like; but if He pleases, He can be even with us, and burn up our forests, our fields and our very swamps (which has happened this summer to the terror of those who witnessed it.) To say that such things are judgments would be rash: but it is safe to say that they are warnings not to engage in an unequal struggle with the Almighty Ruler of nations. If this country, according to the timely request of the Holy Father to the President, "protects" the Catholics, she will be prosperous beyond mortal example: if she persecutes them, or suffers them to be persecuted without redress — if she leaves their innocent blood to be shed, and their sanctuaries to be violated — it requires no prophet, merely a student of history to predict for her a punishment, severe in proportion to the inhospitable and sacrilegious crime.

It is surprising what an effect *Maga in the Mountains* has produced in the editorial sanctuums. The captivating idea of such a sylvan solitude, instead of a close room, perhaps an attic, *eight feet by ten*, inclosed by four dingy, ink-spattered walls, and scarcely allowing space to turn round for the litter of papers, the waste-basket, the exchanges, the inopportune intrusion of the printer's D., has been too much for our brethren of the scissors. We were not therefore in the least surprised when, at the hour of our rustic dinner (that sacred noon when universal Labor rests and takes a well-earned repast), our good friend Lavan came to tell us that the stage was just in, and had brought a number of gentlemen who desired to see us. "There's four gentlemen for dinner, mother," adds he to the gude-wife.

Our first impression undoubtedly was that a party of our editorial brethren had madly broken from their spheres, and rushed to the mountains to camp with Maga, but a reflection on the distance they must have travelled, and the impossibility of unfortunate hebdomadals taking so long a flight, convinced us of the wildness of this supposition, and we went forth to meet our visitors with lively curiosity. And in truth, editors they were not, with one exception, but the other three had once belonged to the sacred fraternity, and all were contributors to Maga. Here again we hope that our unadorned narrative of a simple fact will not be mistaken for a plagiarism, a mean borrowing of ideas, a thing we despise.

No! there were in truth our excellent and reverend friends, Doctor Calvert, and Father Romyne, with the witty and eloquent patriot-scholar, Gerald O'Moore, who

introduced to us his companion, a tall beardless youth whom we did not know. We pass over the greetings, and the manner in which the new arrivals did justice to the rustic but abundant and wholesome fare provided by the good Lavan. It is needless to say that our visitors made a profound sensation, not only in the house, but in the whole village, where we believe that some formidable conspiracy against American liberty was supposed to be connected with so mysterious a re-union, especially so short a time before the election for Governor of Pennsylvania; and it is well there is not a single Know-nothing in the town of Lavansville, comprising near a hundred honest German souls, or perhaps the affluence to behold the strangers, two of whom were easily recognized as Popish priests, might have been attended with dangerous consequences. It is true that young Bernard Kavanagh, who, although hardly out of his teens, is a strapping six-footer, would have been a formidable opponent in case of a row; and O'Moore, too, I reflected, by his dark flashing eye and Irish mouth, for all the mirth and humor that sparkled in the one, and played round the other, would have been apt to show fight in a case where honor or the great law of self-defence required it; although otherwise I knew him to be rather a man of the pen than of the sword, a good deal more likely to use the former with trenchant severity than to waste his breath in wordy apostrophes to the latter.

When they had all paid their respects to Maga, and to the gentle contributor, — who was delighted with so many friendly faces, and particularly with the sight of the two long "ugly coats," — as it was a beautiful afternoon, nothing would serve but all must set out for a walk, the visitors being excusably eager to see Maga's leafy sanctum, her genuine resting-place in the well-shaded meadows of these park-like glades.

So forth we all went by the back door, to avoid the curious idlers of the village; through the orchard, strewn with apples; by the corn-field, with its melancholy yellow shocks, so autumnal; and down along the young rye just sprouting in green lines across the hill; till we reached the "bottoms." Flocks of cawing crows started up from their thievish dinner in consternation at our approach; the gray squirrel scampered like lightning along the fence from the clump of hickories towards the safer woods, with his beautiful brush trailing and waving after him; the pigeons rose from the girdled trees that sprinkled the red buck-wheat patch, and swept away in a twinkling cloud to a more distant rendezvous, — in short we disturbed the whole quiet of the valley and its fringing woods.

At last we ourselves were tranquilly seated on a grassy slope, overlooking a fine stretch of the vale, with a flickering shadow just upon us, and bright warm sun-light playing all around, and that sweeping landscape of green and gold before us, while on the rising hill that sheltered us from the light breeze, a great number of maples, scattered over it, were dropping a continual shower of painted leaves, "like flakes of light" (as Bryant says), and almost as silent upon the already variegated carpet below them.

Maga was enthroned in the place of honor, on a rock finely cushioned with gray moss, just at the rise of the slope, her sandalled brown feet (at which there was nobody to take offence) being placed on the green sward, slightly overflowed by her vine-embroidered robe. Her harp was at her side, and her rich cross on her breast. At her right hand the Editor sate on the grass; the rest were so ranged as to complete the circle, and O'Moore, in his laughing way, placed himself next the contributor (who had been unanimously urged to join the party,) observing that he made it a rule, meaning no offence to Maga, to take a seat if he could get it, by the fairest of the company.

"Upon my word, Mr. Editor," observed Father Romayne, "you have here a most poetical spot. Your taste in such matters is perfect."

EDITOR. — I did not create the beauties of the spot, sir, any more than I did those of your poems; but I have the merit of appreciating both.

DR. CALVERT. — Come, come! You are beginning already to plaster each other with flattery. Let us suppose all that said. We allow that the Editor's taste is perfect, both in scenery and verses, since his descriptions prove the former, and his apprecia-

tion of Father Romaine's verses the latter. Pray, let us to business. That rustic basket contains contributions, I suppose?

EDITOR. — And books for notice:—those, I mean, which I thought worthy of more than a line or two. The rest are despatched.

KAVANAGH (*boyishly rummaging in the basket*):— You get queer contributions sometimes, I take it, in the way of poetry?

MAGA (*with a smile, while all the visitors start at hearing her speak*):— Rather queer, and publish them too. Our friend, the editor, has a weakness for young poets.

O'MOORE (*the fir steho has presence of mind to answer*):— Was he not a young poet once himself, most gracious Maga? Has he not had his contributions (if he would own up) many a time and oft returned, according to his particular request, through the post? After experiencing all the agonies of unappreciated genius he would be very hard-hearted not to have a little pity for other embryo Miltons, Kavanagh. (*All laugh.*)

DR. CALVERT (*gravely*):— Do you really think then, Mr. Editor, that there is much poetical genius in these effusions which I observe you have taken to publishing scraps of in *Maga's Own*?

EDITOR. — I verily think so. The hearts of all good Catholics are full of poetry — the truest poetry; for which heart-poetry there has yet been no adequate expression in English *art-poetry*. Catholic genius in our land, rising above the shackles which have long chained it, is laboring to create such a form for its inward love of beauty. You are all aware that the Irish, of whom the body of American Catholics is composed, are, as a race, the most richly endowed with genius under the sun. Sir, I hardly get a poetical contribution, however rude in some respects, that is not veined and sparkling, all through the duller ore, with the golden quality. Yes, I have had any quantity of poetical gold dust sent in for assay, and some prime nuggets.

O'MOORE (*with a sparkling eye*):— Your illustration, Mr. Editor, is not only ingenious but true. The gifts of fancy and feeling are the substance, the precious metal, of poetry, but it is not fit for the purposes of the arts or for a circulating medium to carry on the commerce between hearts, till it has been separated from heterogeneous matters, and received the imprint of the perfect poetical form. How many thousands of Irishmen before Moore, felt the indignant and mournful, yet proud, sentiment of national depression! But Moore alone has written

“The harp that once through Tara's halls,” —

a golden coin, good for the sentiment, the national passion it expresses, and that passes current as such between Irish hearts for ever.

DR. CALVERT. — Oh for a Gurney to take down his words!

EDITOR. — Sir, Maga is better than any Gurney that ever was hid in a closet with his short-hand tablets — a vulgar mechanical contrivance, sir, whereas the tablets of the Maryland Maga are her memory, which forgets nothing beautiful, true or good.

FATHER ROMAYNE. — You are a Celt by lineage, Mr. O'Moore, and it is well for you to brag of Irish genius. For my part I have not a drop of Irish blood in my veins. My ancestors were noble Romans. I am descended, sir, from the *Senatus populusque Romanus* — the Roman Senate and people, sir, *dominos rerum gentemque togatam* — I may consider them all as in a general way my progenitors. There never was a greater people than the Romans.

O'MOORE. — Ye forget, Father Romaine, that the Romans, granting 'em brave as lions, never had any writers or poets of their own till they lost their liberties. Their literary ornaments were but the golden chains of slavery. And they never equalled the Celtic Greeks — the Irish of the Mediterranean — whose faytures you may see now in Southern Erin, as you see their genius in her eloquent and quick-witted sons.

FATHER ROMAYNE (*laughing*):— As soon as O'Moore gets a little warm, ye hear the brogue.

MAGA. — What have you found, Mr. Kavanagh?

KAVANAGH. — A specimen, excellent Maga, of our Irish poetical genius.

MAGA. — Please to read it, to stop these people disputing.

CONTRIBUTOR. — Yes, the conversation is becoming personal.

Whereupon young Kavanagh read in rather a declamatory tone, but with a good effect, the following verses:

AN APPEAL.

BY "N. E. L."

Have pity, my Creator! Oh, have pity
On the frail dust which thou hast filled with life.
Task not so sore the spirit thou hast kindled,—
It aches and quivers in the mortal strife.
Long, long ago,—ere youth's soft sunshine faded —
A shadow fell that dimmed its pleasant light:
How hath it deepened and extended, weaving
O'er all existence the dull hues of night!

Toilsome hath been my path-way from that hour,
Many its sorrows, multiplied its cares;
In the fair field of life's bright early promise,
How hath the wheat been lost amid the tares!
And now the changing seasons come with warning,
Warning of future change, or which hath been;
Warnings which gleam among the snows of winter,
And are not hid by summer branches green.

For I have known an April day when nature
Smiled in its sweet, uncertain, shadowy bloom,
While sunk two human hearts in early anguish,
Chilled and o'ershadow'd by too dark a doom.
—A May, when Hope was pour'd abroad like rain-drops
O'er all the spirit of our island home:—
Her resurrection seemed a certain glory,
The day of retribution almost come!

The apple-trees were fragrant with soft flowers,
The young corn shone all silvery in the sun,
The flax bent heavy with its frail blue blossoms,
And the "lone bush" its fairy wreaths had won.
Our old home, sacred to so many memories,
Looked happy as if all our love it felt;
Yet 'neath its roof its statelyst son lay dying,
And there a widow and her orphans knelt.

Again a few short years, and Autumn, wearing
Her regal hues of purple and of gold,
Found these from home and from each other exiled,
That Mother gathered into Heav'n's vast fold.
Oh, sad is Earth, and sad is Life! Its radiance
Fades into gloom beside that funeral urn:—
But from its aching hopes and vain aspirations,
Refuge of sinners! unto thee I turn.

To thee, to thee I turn me, God of mercy!
Let not thy strengthening hand from me depart.
Thou who hast worn our loving human nature,
Sustain and guide this troubled human heart.

EDITOR. — A touch of nature in that.

O'MOORE. — It is not without commonplaces, but on the whole, as you say, Mr. E., it has a touch of nature. 'Tis the history of many a forsaken Irish home, of many an Irish exile's heart.

KAVANAGH. — You owe something to the reader. There is not a single stop of punctuation in the whole piece.

CONTRIBUTOR. — I should like it better if the alternate lines rhymed. That disappoints the ear.

EDITOR. — How Macleod would have made the feminine endings sweetly chime! The key of this is minor, however, and that has a simple beauty of its own. If the authoress will stick to her own experience, draw her images from nature, her feelings from her own bosom, she may delight us again, as she has sadly cheered us now.

FATHER ROMAYNE. — Macleod is a fine poet, I suppose. Does he come in for the "Gems," Mr. E?

EDITOR. — In good time — there are bards enow before him. But here is a poet to notice, whom Macleod greatly admires. You can make nothing out of "Firmilian," Doctor?

DR. CALVERT (who is puzzling over the "Spasmodic" Tragedy): It contains some fine lines, but surely the sentiments are ridiculously extravagant.

FATHER ROMAYNE (who had maliciously handed it to him): — My dear sir! it is a sayter! — a perfect sayter!

DR. C. — A satire! (laughs.)

FATHER ROMAYNE. — Tell us all about it, Mr. Editor, for I confess I hardly understood its drift myself.

EDITOR. — "Firmilian" is the best literary satire that has appeared for many a day, and one that we all ought to applaud. The author is Aytoun, who wrote the ballads of *Bon Gaultier* — a series of capital parodies, with poetical beauties all their own. The hits in Firmilian are aimed at "Festus," an infidel poem which has had an immense run, at the more recent extravagances of *Alexander Smith*, at Tennyson's affectations, the "Uncle Tom" mania, the English No-Popery agitation, &c. &c. Longfellow's *Golden Legend* comes in for a share of the quiz. Like everything really first-rate, it might almost have been written by a Catholic, and it is really comic that some grave critic took Aytoun's palpable hits at the absurd caricaturing of "confessors" and "inquisitors" in English novels, for a genuine anti-popish picture, so little is the satire exaggerated.

FATHER ROMAYNE. — It will do a great deal of good among Protestants surely.

EDITOR. — Of course all these things tell in the end. This cruel satire of Aytoun's will scotch a vast many pestiferous and fast-breeding vermin. The style is perfect to a wonder. It is almost a pity for such exquisite verse to be thrown away on such a subject.

FATHER ROMAYNE. — *Materiam superabat opus.*

DR. CALVERT. — I was quite taken in by it. Now this passage reads like excellent good sense — who could misgive it was not part of a serious performance? [Reads very beautifully.]

"Critics and poets both (save I, who cling
To older canons) have discarded sense,
And meaning's at a discount. Our young spirits,
Who call themselves the masters of the age,
Are either robed in philosophic mist,
And, with an air of grand profundity,
Talk metaphysics — which, sweet cousin, means
Nothing but aimless jargon — or they come
Before us in the broad bombastic vein,
With spasms, and throes, and transcendental flights,
And heap hyperbole on metaphor:
Well! Heaven be with them, for they do small harm,
And I no more would grudge them their career
Than I would quarrel with a wanton horse
That rolls, on Sundays, in a clover-field."

KAVANAGH. — It sounds like a page of "Uncle Jack and his Nephew" done into rhyme.

Dr. C. — That reminds me that I have just finished a book which I see you have in your basket, Mr. E., — the "Spirit-Rapper," Mr. Brownson's Novel!

FATHER ROMAYNE. — Mr. Brownson should not write novels. *Né sutor ultra crepidam.* Let every one stick to his trade.

Dr. C. — Aye, you see the Reviewer in every page, and almost forget that you are not deep in a new number of the Quarterly.

KAVANAGH. — 'Tis well Linton does not hear you both. He would hardly spare your cassocks, if you venture to rend a laurel from Mr. Brownson's brow.

O'MOORE. — Tut, Kavanagh! Linton's lance-breaking in behalf of Mr. Brownson is all pure chivalry. The editor of the Western Tablet is hot and hasty like some Percy of yore, but as gallant a fellow as wields a pen.

FATHER ROMAYNE. — I care not a straw for Mr. Linton, but I know that Brownson cannot write a novel. He criticized my "Verus, or the Pilgrim of Truth." I forget what he said of it, — it is of no consequence, — but I made up my mind, then, that he had no taste and no imagination. [*A general laugh, in which Father Romayne joins.*]

Dr. C. — A man who has reviewed so many books of others, could not do a more imprudent thing than to write one.

KAVANAGH. — He says himself, Doctor, in the preface, that he thinks it but fair to give those whom he may have offended by his own criticisms in another place, an opportunity to pay their debts and wipe off old scores."

FATHER ROMAYNE (with glee): — Let's do it. Come, Mr. Editor, pitch into Brownson's novel. It is your turn now.

EDITOR. — Fie! Let us do justice to the genius and the unequalled vigor of style which shine in all that Mr. Brownson writes.

O'MOORE. — True, Mr. Editor, and it is like you to say so. Brownson is a splendid writer, and the "Spirit Rapper" in particular is a book that will make its mark.

Dr. CALVERT. — I only regret that he should have chosen the form of a novel.

EDITOR. — (*Holding the "Spirit Rapper" between thumb and fore-finger in the manner of Brummel criticizing the coat of George IV*): — Do you call this thing a novel?

FATHER ROMAYNE. — Excellent beginning!

O'MOORE. — Perhaps Mr. Brownson himself would not call it a novel.

EDITOR. — Oh indeed! he is not to get off on that score. He means it for a novel. Why else does the title page read "by the Author of 'Charles Elwood?'" Surely that is the regular style of a novel or tale. The title itself proves the fact. "The Spirit Rapper; an autobiography" — 'tis the very stamp. The merchandise has all the recognized labels and marks of a work of fiction, and if it turns out to be anything else, the purchaser is most inexcusably taken in. It is a novel in the sense in which George IV's garment, fingered by Brummel, was a coat. It is a narrative of the life and adventures of a fictitious personage, having a regular plot (which Mr. Brownson seems to call the "machinery" — not the proper term of art), a heroine, a love-intrigue, an all-but-injured husband, a holy monk whose exhortations and martyrdom cause the repentance of the inwardly-guilty fair, her rehabilitation by grace, the lover's mad effort to regain his influence, and, as the *dénouement*, a scene that would be quite in the French style, were it not so feebly managed, in which the husband stabs the tempter. If this is not the pattern of a novel, I should like to know where you would look for one. Is the "Scarlet Letter" a novel? Is "The Blithedale Romance" a novel? Then so is the "Spirit Rapper" a novel, and as such to be judged. How does it rank?

FATHER ROMAYNE. — That's the question! The author of "Lady Alice," "The Forest," "Alban," and "The Pretty Plate" is to decide it. You are on your own ground now, Mr. Editor! Go ahead!

Dr. CALVERT (solemnly): — Be just — be merciful!

EDITOR. — Maga always is.

OMNES. — Always. [*Maga bends her gracious head with the dignity of a queen acknowledging the plaudits of her subjects: they are her due, yet she thanks them.*]

EDITOR. — I say that the "Spirit Rapper," as a novel, offends against all the rules of art. Mr. Brownson speaks too much in *propria persona*. We never lose sight of

Brownson himself—a most capital fault in a work of fiction, where the author ought to disappear behind the objectivity of his characters. The peculiarities of Mr. Brownson and the inveterate habit of the Reviewer, are so apparent,—from the very preface, where he favors us with a critical opinion in his own peculiar style, of the French work on which he has largely drawn for his facts, assuring us that it is as good a work as he knows, though he could have written a better,—from this characteristic preface to the last chapter, he is so perpetually in our eye, that the book is little else, as Father Romayne just now observed, but the Review dramatized.

FATHER ROMAYNE.—Brownson *loquitur* and *loquitur* semper.

DR. CALVERT.—Too severe.

EDITOR.—Simple truth. Except Mr. Merton, who is Brownson himself idealized, nobody in the book talks much, except, like Uncle Jack's nephew in the "conversations," to be refuted by the interminable monologue of the autobiographer, who is perpetually forgetting his own part of the sceptical, all-daring physicist, to wield the moral thunders of the Review, and send home the deadly lance of Brownsonian logic between the joints of the armor of infidelity.

O'MOORE.—Nay, sir, there I think (with submission) that you are excessive. I thought that the various shades of American opinion which are introduced so happily in the Rapper's Philadelphia circle, were admirably distinguished from each other.

EDITOR.—Pardon me. The exception at which you hint is one that I was just going to point out: and it proves my rule. To know and clearly state the various views and opinions of his adversaries is one of the special faculties of the accomplished dialectician, which nobody denies Mr. Brownson to be. But there is scarce a particle of living, personal passion infused into these representatives of opinion. Mr. Brownson would be an incompetent in his own department as a controversialist, which nobody thinks, if he could not state with admirable perspicuity (as he does) the views of Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, whom he calls Edgerton, or of Judge Edmonds, whom he introduces as Judge Preston (and afterwards, very inartistically, introduces Judge Edmonds' book under its proper name). It is one thing to introduce in a single scene or chapter a portrait from life, an actual living character, and place in his mouth his own published sentiments, adding, if you please, a short personal description, that nobody need mistake, as Brownson does in regard to Emerson: and quite another to create an ideal character, and make it stand out like reality from the canvass, make it feel, pulsate, act, suffer, in self-consistency through a volume, and under the varying circumstances of a well-imagined plot. Mr. Brownson has done the first successfully, I grant; but it is no great matter to plume one's-self upon:—I know a trick worth two of that! Nothing can the personages of the "Spirit Rapper" do but talk—on abstract themes. Even the heroine, Priscilla, has no flesh and blood: she is but an argument,—a fallacy, rather,—which the great logical ventriloquist is going to refute, to every body's satisfaction and delight.

O'MOORE and KAVANAGH (*parliamentarily*):—"Hear, hear!"

EDITOR (*with increasing animation*):—Mr. Brownson seldom notices a work of fiction, even by the greatest masters of it, without a sneer at the kind of writing, and the kind of talent. Writing reviews, as he intimated in criticizing and fixing the position of Hawthorne, is quite a superior employment to it. But he may depend upon it that to rattle on by the hour, throwing off your own ideas, or arguments, with a fancied or real adversary as a *point d'appui*, is a great deal easier feat than to create a new fictitious character and preserve its self-consistency through a prolonged story: the latter requires, besides a vigorous imagination, a profound experience, and close observation, also a sort of self-denial, a *virtue* in the writer, an habitual check over one's own vivacity, over one's own vanity, in order thus to disappear and let the ideal character walk the stage, attracting all eyes! An egotist can never be a good writer of fictions. It needs a generous, sympathetic soul, an unselfish habit of entering into others' situations and idiosyncracies, and of putting yourself into their places. All the acknowledged masterpieces of fiction are of this sort. Without true sympathy with others, which without self-

conquest cannot be, there is no true genius for the works of the imagination: the sickly spawn of egotism dies before its parent.

FATHER ROMAYNE. — Our Editor is a poet.

DR. CALVERT. — Return to Brownson's book, in regard to which you have made some true observations. As respects novels in general, I am of his opinion. I regard them as idle and mischievous productions.

EDITOR. — Agreed. We are not discussing the utility or propriety of novels.

FATHER ROMAYNE, (*smiling*): — But whether Brownson's novel is a good work of art — eh?

EDITOR. — And I say it fails (in that respect) in the prime point, in the delineation of character. Secondly, it wants picturesque detail. The picture is not filled up richly and naturally, like life. Mr. Brownson has declared his critical opinion that description is of little value in a novel, which, he says, should be modelled after the drama rather than the epic. The practice of all the acknowledged great writers in this department, such as Scott, is against him — they all describe abundantly, profusely, minutely. Now beautiful and successful works precede criticism, and put its rules in practice before they are discovered. As a matter of history, modern prose fiction grew out of the narrative poem. Scott's metrical Tales, which were short epics, heralded the Waverly Novels, like knights entering the lists in full armor, preceded by trumpets! To know how much description to interweave with the story, to choose the proper occasion for its introduction, and, above all, to describe vividly, poetically, not like an auctioneer's inventory; to illuminate a fancied scene with the light of choice words, and color it like life with apt similes, or metaphors, — this is the work of an accomplished artist; it supposes practised skill, patient labor.

FATHER ROMAYNE, O'MOORE and KAVANAGH. — "Hear, hear!"

FATHER ROMAYNE. — Brownson has avoided description (in which our Editor shines so — conspicuously, so splendidly, I may say) because it was too difficult.

MAGA, (*impressively*). — Don't, for goodness sake, flatter the Editor! He is getting insufferably dictatorial of late, and I would rather see him put down a little! Now, Father Romayne!

While all smile at this sally, and exchange glances, Dr. Calvert prosily returns to the subject.

"You others are judging the 'Spirit-Rapper' too severely," says he. "It is only, as Mr. Brownson confesses, a form that he has chosen for conveying his ideas less tediously on this interesting subject."

EDITOR. — I agree. I merely insist that he has not, however, made the *form* perfect, because that supposes a genius and skill, and an intellectual effort far greater than mere reviewing involves. Give Hawthorne — give Bulwer — Brownson's ideas, his nervous grasp of truth, his high and master principles of theology, and, with these, the facts of spiritual-rapperism for material — what a fiction they would turn out! Out of half the material, Bulwer produced in Zanoni a most thrilling and poetical story: Cazotte, out of a mere nothing in comparison, created a masterpiece.* Brownson's idea is superb. The greatest novelist, in his happiest inspiration, never struck out a better. An artist, I say, — a man who knew and confided in his powers — before such a theme, would have comprehended (I think Mr. Brownson did) all its capabilities at the first glance, and he would have spared no labor, grudged no time, necessary to realize them in a deep, pathetic fiction, that should touch every chord of human passion, awaken every feeling of mystery and awe, and, marshalling all in one majestic story of wrong and retribution, of demonic malice and divine mercy, show us, as it were, the awful secrets of Providence and reconcile history with itself.

CONTRIBUTOR (*with great animation*). — Why don't you do it yourself?

EDITOR (*amid a general smile*). — Like Mr. Brownson, I have other fish to fry.

*The *Diable Amoureux*, written by Cazotte before the French revolution of 1789, is one of the finest efforts of French genius, though now little known.

KAVANAGH. — Now you have annihilated the "Spirit-Rapper" as a work of art, expatiate a little on its merits.

DR. CALVERT. — It presents in a highly interesting and very convincing light the true theory of spirit-rapping.

O'MOORE. — It is a shot between wind and water into the very gun-deck of spiritual delusion.

CONTRIBUTOR (*whispers to O'Moore*). — It is the very same idea that was adopted in "Alban" four years ago! And every body pooh-poohed it!

O'MOORE (*to her*). — The *incredulus odi* — which means that *I hate to hear what I don't believe* — ruined the effect at that time, when the public wished to think that the whole affair was one of imposture.

EDITOR. — "The Spirit-Rapper" has one merit (one defect, according to Mr. Brownson himself) of the most thrilling novel: you cannot lay it down till you have finished it. I read it through at a sitting, and I own my hair was on end some of the time, especially as it grew towards midnight, and the deep conviction of wide-spread diabolical agency in our actual world began to flicker like a red light from below over the page of the demonologist. I crossed myself a dozen times in the last half of the volume, and drew a long breath of relief when I had finished it.

KAVANAGH (*aside*). — A pretty strong tribute to its power.

DR. CALVERT. — Did you observe how many fine criticisms are scattered through it, thrown out just in passing?

FATHER ROMAYNE. — Aye, Brownson's *obiters* are often more to the point (to speak Hibernically) than his main issue.

O'MOORE. — The book has all the strong points of the Review; among which are a peculiar Brownsonian firmness in laying down his principles, and a truly Titanic vigor of logic in annihilating the false positions of the adversaries.

MAGA (*waving her hand*). — In short, gentlemen, from all I can gather by your various observations, "The Spirit-Rapper" is *Brownson all over* — rather more entertaining, more witty? (*yes*) and more readable than usual: — which is saying a great deal. It is not a sustained work of art: that praise it cannot obtain from Maga: — it is the Review dramatized, intensified, with a dozen or twenty interlocutors for "Uncle Jack" instead of his one unlucky nephew, and —

EDITOR. — And amid the phantasmagoria of the public events of the last ten years, exhibited (with no small ingenuity and effect) in guise of magic-lantern figures on the wall of a wizard-darkened room, flits, spectre-like, the pale ghost, rather than the shuddering reality, of an individual catastrophe!

DR. CALVERT. — I am highly gratified to observe, Mr. Editor, that while you are free in your criticism, you are cordial in your praises of this illustrious writer.

EDITOR. — Sir, Mr. Brownson, the first lay writer in America, and the only one among us who enjoys an European reputation, is not to be treated by Maga as a trembling novice, but as a full-grown man, rich with genius, with learning, with practised ability, and is to be criticized with a freedom proportioned to his hardy power.

DR. CALVERT. — That is all right. I merely express my anxiety lest you should be unconsciously influenced either by envy of so great a man, and so brilliant a renown, or by resentment on account of his not seeming, as a reviewer, to treat you fairly (if that has been the case). You must remember that without Christian charity in the heart, it is not possible to be really candid in the intellectual judgments.

Here Father Romaine, who, with all his vivacity and affected resentment of literary injuries, has, above all, the heart of a priest, assented to his brother clergyman's remarks, by a soft "Most true!" and a look of peculiar sweetness and gravity. The long shadows thrown by the maples down the sun-lit valley, and a slight coolness in the air, warned us that the autumnal day was declining. We rose and returned to Lavan's by a road that wound over the hills and gave a charming view.

Record of Events.

From September 16, to October 14, 1854.

I. AFFAIRS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

THE cholera and the devotion of the sacerdotal army of Christ everywhere; the reported conclusion of the German difficulties; the indications of the political extinction of Mohammedanism; (at home) the celebration of the first Provincial Council of New York, the death of two of our Bishops;—are of deep interest this month.

ROME: 1. *Cause of Ven. Marien Arciero.* — 2. *Various items — notices of the cholera.*

1. The Sovereign Pontiff has just proclaimed the triumph of the virtues of the venerable servant of God, Marien Arciero, secular priest of the kingdom of Naples; born in 1707, and who died in the odor of sanctity at Naples in 1788.

2. The Sacred Congregation have requested to be allowed to resume the cause of the Blessed Germaine Cousin. — Rome continues under the influence of the cholera. The Holy Father gave a signal proof of his courage and love for souls by visiting the cholera hospitals, where he gave his benediction to the dying and consoled the sick. The Roman people were filled with admiration at this act of their sovereign and the common Father of Christians, which has inspired new courage in all. The epidemic was declining. A profound impression has been made throughout Italy by the heroic devotion with which *all* classes of the clergy have exposed and devoted themselves in behalf of the victims of cholera. Cardinal Morichini, meeting a poor peasant attacked with the disease in the lonely locality of San Gregorio, took him into his carriage and conveyed him to Santo Spirito. Monsignor Bedini had been appointed Nuncio to Portugal.

SARDINIA. — The revolutionary ministers of Piedmont have seized upon a convent of the Chartreux for an asylum of the insane (since avowed to be a mere pretext), expelling the Religious, and offering them pensions. The Sisters of the Holy Cross at Turin have likewise been expelled by the brutal Rattazzi, the minister. When the sisters intimated that they could not leave their convent, without the authorization of the Holy See, this minister replied that if they did not remove voluntarily, he would remove them by force. The Dominicans, Capuchins and Barnabites are threatened with similar spoliation. At the same time the papers are forbidden by this *liberal* government to publish the protests of the injured communities, and of the exiled Archbishop, against these injuries. Thus Sardinia is rushing on her destruction.

FRANCE. — A very great concourse of pilgrims has taken place to the church at *La Salette* on the 19th of September, the anniversary of the Apparition of the Blessed Virgin. A great many Protestants also came, even with the advice of their ministers, being persuaded that the pilgrimage, the intercessions of our Lady, and the masses said, would be a protection against the cholera. — From twelve to fifteen priests, and more than twenty-five Sisters of charity, in Franche-Comté, have fallen victims to the pestilence. — A great deal of interest was attracted to Boulogne by the visit of Prince Albert and King Leopold to the Emperor Napoleon III. The *London Illustrated News*, one of the most violent denouncers of the *coup d'état*, and of Louis Napoleon's subsequent course, now acknowledges that he understood the situation of France better than they did, and that he is the greatest and best ruler France ever had, and the one to whom the

world is now under the greatest obligations. By an imperial decree of Sept. 5, M. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte has been appointed sub-lieutenant of the 7th Regiment of Dragoons. He is the grand-son of Prince Jerome Bonaparte by his wife, our country-woman, *cidevant* Miss Elizabeth Patterson of Baltimore.

As a paragraph is going the rounds of the Protestant papers, that the apparition of the Blessed Virgin at *La Salette* has been discovered to be an imposture, we think it timely to insert the following from the *Catholic Herald*, — entitled "Interesting Extract from a letter of one of our students at Nantes."

"A slight digression may be here interesting. Upon the day of his (Rev. Mr. B.) arrival here, was laid the corner-stone of a beautiful chapel, which is being built within the walls of our seminary ground, under the invocation of N. D. De La Salette. It will be an everlasting testimony of the piety and gratitude of the inhabitants of this truly Catholic city of Nantes, to the Virgin, who has for two years past accorded so many graces to their prayers — graces which have been multiplying every day since the erection of the chapel has commenced. Really the great number of miracles which have been witnessed at the little chapel of the seminary, in which a beautiful statue of the Virgin with the two shepherds is placed at present, until a better and more proper edifice be constructed, recalls the early days of the Catholic Church, so enlivened by the numberless miracles of the Apostles. I have seen with my own eyes persons, who came, or rather were brought, to our little chapel, and who had been infirm for years past, some of them from birth, when the art of man could no longer do any more good, return home cured and in perfect health. The blind recover their sight, and the great number of crutches and other artificial supplements to infirmity, which are there left, attest that the lame do not come in vain to implore the aid of that Holy Mother who was seen in tears on the mountain of Dauphiny.

"One thing is remarkable, though not astonishing, about these cures; it is, that nearly all those infirm persons are almost instantaneously cured at the moment of their communion in the little chapel. For some of them, who had been transported on a bed and laid before the altar, after having been supported as far as the holy table, found themselves so completely recovered after receiving communion, as to be able to retire of themselves, and remain kneeling for hours together in thanksgiving. The road to this little chapel is literally thronged with pious pilgrims, who come to beg graces of cures or of conversions, or to return thanks for them when received. Numberless other graces have been here and elsewhere accorded to the people who with a lively faith have drunk some of the water drawn from the sacred source on the mountain. Perhaps ere long this pious devotion surmounting the barriers of the ocean, shall have reached our own country; for Mary must certainly equally cherish and love the children of the solitudes of America.

"The corner-stone of the new edifice was laid by the Right Rev. Bishop Martin, of Natchitoches, Upper Louisians. This prelate who is from the city of Rennes, in Bretagne, came in search of missionaries for his new diocese. He has been very successful in his native place and at Nantes. In the latter place he found three; and such was the enthusiasm he excited, that upwards of twenty subjects presented themselves. I had the happiness of being admitted to see him, and he remained a long time speaking to me about America. I was very happy to be able to find some one with whom to talk a few words of English. He is now on his way to Rome. He intends to pass by this place again before returning to the United States."

GERMANY: 1. *Hesse Darmstadt*. — 2. *Baden*.

1. The *Volkblatt* of the 23d of August contains the pleasing announcement, of the happy termination of the differences which have prevailed for several years, between the Bishop of Mayence and the government of Hesse Darmstadt. At that date the Church was about to enter upon the undisputed possession of all its rights and privileges. On the 16th of last month the terms of peace were ratified between the ecclesiastical and the civil powers. The following are the leading points on which the Church has obtained the fullest recognition of her rights. 1st. The right of collating to benefices is conceded exclusively to the bishop, with a reservation of the right of patronage to the grand duke in respect of a few benefices, such as those of Giessen and Denmark. 2d. Upon the bishop alone devolves the surveillance and direction of the education of the clergy, and of every thing that pertains to ecclesiastical discipline. 3d. As regards the property of the Church, the principle is admitted that the administration of it belongs to the bishop of the diocese, and if the intervention of the State shall at any time be re-

quired in this matter, it pledges itself to do nothing hostile to the rights and interests of the Church.

2. It is said that the contest between the Catholic Church and the government of the Grand Duchy of Baden is at last brought to an end by a convention signed at Rome between Mr. Brunner, *conseiller d'état*, and Cardinal Antonelli. The following are said to be the principal points of the convention:—"The Archbishop of Freiburg is to be restored to full liberty; and all prosecutions and sentences against ecclesiastics for obedience to the Church's orders to be annulled. The same is to take place with regard to all ecclesiastical censures against members of the government. The archbishop is to enjoy provisionally the right to nominate to ecclesiastical functions; but he is to pledge himself to choose only eligible persons. As regards the administration of ecclesiastical property, the *status quo ante* is to be observed."

SPAIN.—Continues in a state of developing disorder. Movements against the central government in the provinces; against the Church, against the dynasty, and even against the monarchy, are mentioned: but it is difficult to draw any thing certain from such a ferment. The Patriarch of the Indies, the celebrated nun, Sor Patrocinio, her confessor, Father Fulgencio, and several of her friends, have been ordered by the government to quit Madrid and select some place of residence in the provinces.

ENGLAND.—Perhaps the most interesting circumstance that we can glean, is the resignation of his preferments by Archdeacon Wilberforce, on the ground of his dissent from the royal supremacy. The persecution with which he was threatened for his book on the Eucharist is by no means the cause of this step, as he offered to hold on, in order to allow an opportunity for the Abp. of York to try the question: but of course it is the policy of the Establishment and its rulers to shirk questions, not to try them. There seems little doubt that the archdeacon will follow the example of his brother Henry, and Dr. Manning. — It is said that the Emperor Napoleon III, accompanied by the Empress Eugénie, will visit the Queen shortly before Christmas, and be installed a Knight of the Garter! — The cholera in nine weeks had destroyed 6,120 lives in London: and that the clergy were fully occupied is easy to infer. — In consequence of the ravages of the cholera at Varna, and the excessive labor which has devolved upon the Catholic chaplains of the army of the East, the British government have despatched three more chaplains to the seat of war, one of whom is a monastic of the Dominican order, and the other two secular priests. — There was a large and brilliant attendance at the Society of Arts, to hear Cardinal Wiseman's lectures on the home education of the poor.

IRELAND.—The measures taken for the immediate opening of the University, the consecration of new and beautiful churches, like that at Ballybrack, Killiney, and the fervent missions, like that of Athonry, (Diocese of Tuam) where the indefatigable Archbishop of Tuam, in two days, confirmed 1,200 persons, do not evince that Catholicity is dying out, or national vigor expiring in the Isle of Saints. But there, as well as in America, the spirit of persecution does not sleep, and the mission at Newtownlimavady, held by Frs. Rinolfi and Vilas, where 40,000 persons were collected to hear the word of God, was signalized by an assault on the Catholics, who were savagely beaten, the miserable cabins of the poor assailed, windows and doors broken, &c. A church was saved from destruction by the interference of the police. Not only were the Catholics not the aggressors, but in compliance with the previous exhortations of the clergy, they were even unresisting under actual violence. — The closing ceremonies of the Provincial Synod of Connaught were held on Sunday, August 20, and were of the most solemn and magnificent description. — The first stone of the new cathedral of Ballaghaderin, was laid on the 9th August, by the Lord Bishop of Achonry. — The Rev. John Leahy, O. S. D. of Cork, one of the most eloquent and gifted clergymen in Ireland, has been nominated coadjutor to the Bishop of Dromore. — Smith O'Brien has accepted the Queen's pardon: he will probably reside at Brussels. — The site selected for the new

Irish National Gallery is the lawn in front of the Royal Dublin Society House, Merriam square. The building is to consist of two extensive parallel wings, at the extremity of the lawn on either side, one of which will be a national gallery and the other a national museum. — Mr. Hope Scott, of Abbotsford, who is married to the only surviving grand-daughter of Sir Walter Scott, has purchased an estate in Galway. Mr. Scott and all his family are converts, and Abbotsford, as some one says, "is now one of the chief Catholic houses of call in the kingdom."

THE EAST. — The Greek Patriarch at Constantinople, hearing that some Greeks manifested hostile sentiments towards the allies, has issued a circular censuring their conduct, and passing a high encomium on the Western Powers. In conclusion he pronounces a solemn anathema in the name of the Eastern Church, against the schism, calling itself orthodoxy, which has transferred to St. Petersburg the spiritual authority in religious matters. — An Armenian, in the town of Adabazar, in Asia Minor, became a Mussulman more than thirty years ago, married a Turkish wife, and has lived there as a Mussulman ever since. A few weeks ago, trusting to the changes of the times, he came to *Stamboul*, openly renounced the Mussulman faith, and embraced that of the Armenian Church. Soon after, some of his old Turkish friends, who were in Constantinople on business, met him and ascertaining what he had done, went immediately to the Porte and betrayed him. The Porte had him arrested, and after going into an investigation of the case, ordered him to be set at liberty, with permission to follow the Christian religion, if he chose. He immediately returned to Adabazar, where he now goes abroad with all freedom, as an Armenian Christian, and nobody dares molest him. Only those who know something of the past state of Turkey, and especially of Asia Minor, in regard to apostasy, can appreciate fully the importance of this relaxation of the Mahommedan law. From the moment the Turks cease to punish apostasy from the Koran with death, the Moslem faith may still be that of the reigning family and of the Turkish people, but it has ceased to be the basis of the Ottoman political system. There may still be Mussulmen, and those full of bigotry, but the persecuting Islam is no more.

THE CRIMEA. — On the 4th of September, 60,000 men of the allied forces landed at Eupatoria, and immediately commenced marching on Sebastopol.

INDIA. — On Sunday, July 9th, at Agra, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Zubber, the Vicar-Apostolic of Patna, was consecrated.

CHINA. — The Celestial King, a certain Tae-Ping-Wang, chief of the rebels in China, has issued a proclamation in which he styles our Divine Lord his "elder brother" (we forbear adding the sacred name of our Redeemer) and proclaims his principal minister to be the Paraclete, whose name (a certain Yang-Sew-Tsing is this functionary) he requires to be inserted in the doxology chanted every morning and evening by the rebel host. These Chinese insurrectionists have taught themselves out of the Protestant Bibles distributed among them "without note or comment."

CANADA. — On the 14th Aug. the new Cathedral to be erected at Three Rivers, was laid by His Grace the Archbishop of Quebec. — On Tuesday, Sept. 26, at the Hotel-Dieu, Montreal, Sister B. Byrne received the holy habit and made her solemn vows, in the hands of the Rev. Superior of the Seminary.

NOVA SCOTIA. — His Grace the Archbishop of Halifax had sailed for Europe.

NEWFOUNDLAND. — The works of the magnificent Cathedral at St. John's, suspended during the cholera, have been resumed.

MEXICO. — Mgr. Dominguez, Bishop of Ojaca, was consecrated at Mexico, Aug. 27. The President was present. — The Bishop of Morrell (capital Michoacan) lately wrote a letter, it is said, to his Serene Highness, denouncing the vengeance of God

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against him, on account of the atrocities committed by his troops on the peaceful inhabitants of the Bishop's diocese. On receiving the letter, it is added that the President shut himself up for two days. — Don Carlos M. Colina, Bishop-elect of Chiapas, was consecrated in the Cathedral of Guadalajara, Aug. 20.

UNITED STATES: 1. *First Council of New York.* — 2. *Return of Dr. Ives.* — 3. *The death of the Protestant Bishop Wainwright, and singular coincidence in the election of his successor.* — 4. *Items of Catholic intelligence.* — 5. *Departure of Bishops for Rome.* — 6. *Ordinations.* — 7. *Religious Receptions.* — 8. *Churches.* — 9. *Riots.* — 10. *Obituary.*

1. The First Provincial Council of New York was solemnly opened at St. Patrick's Cathedral on Sunday, Oct. 1. A great concourse of people had assembled to witness the ceremonies, but the most perfect order prevailed. The procession moved from the Archbishop's residence at about 11 o'clock; Thurifer, Cross-bearer, Acolytes, Clergy, Priests (in chasubles), Bishops in amice, mitre and cope, with their train-bearers, the Bishop-celebrant, vested for mass, the Archbishop, preceded by the Archbishop's cross, in amice, alb, cincture, stole, cope, mitre and crozier, with his Deacons of honor. The procession passed down Mulberry st., through Prince and Mott, to the east door of the Cathedral. — We record these things minutely, for it is well to put it on record that all these things were observed in the year of grace, 1854, in the midst of so much "tribulation." The senior Bishop, the Rt. Rev. Bp. McCloskey, Bishop of Albany, immediately began the mass of the Holy Ghost, prescribed for the opening of Councils, at the throne prepared for him on the Epistle side of the Altar. The V. R. Mr. Starrs was Asst. Priest, the Rev. MM. Farrel and Dunning, deacon and sub-deacon. The deacons of honor of the Archbishop were the V. R. Archdeacon McCarron, and the Rev. Mr. Quin. The Rev. F. McNierney, of the Cathedral, was master of ceremonies. The sermon was by the Most Rev. Archbishop. At the end of mass, with the prescribed prayers, litanies, hymn, and other formalities, the holy Council was opened, and the Rt. Rev. Dr. McCloskey was elected promoter, the Revs. J. W. Cummings and T. S. Preston, secretaries, the Rev. F. McNierney, master of ceremonies, the Rev. Fr. Smarius, S. J., and Mr. Glackmeyer, S. J., chanters. The decrees of the Council of Trent concerning Profession of Faith and Residence were read, and the Rt. Rev. Bps. of Brooklyn, Newark, and Burlington, sitting for the first time, made their profession of faith in the hands of the Archbishop. The Archbishop gave his solemn benediction, and the procession returned to the Archbishop's residence in the same order and road by which it came. Two congregations were held each day. The second solemn session was on Wednesday, when a solemn Pontifical mass of requiem was celebrated (by the Rt. Rev. Bp. De Goesbriand) for the deceased Bishops of the Province. The third and last solemn session was held on Sunday, Oct. 8, with the same order as the opening, except that the Archbishop, wearing the Pallium, celebrated the mass, and the Rt. Rev. Bp. McCloskey preached the sermon. The prayers, gospel and *Veni Creator* were sung; the Archbishop made a Latin oration to the Council; the decrees of the Council were read, confirmed and subscribed. The decree of closing, the acclamations of the Fathers, the *Te Deum*, prayer of thanksgiving, the salutation of *Peace*, concluded the ceremonies; the Deacon sung, *Recedamus in pace*; the Clergy replied *In nomine Christi*; and this holy Council was terminated. [*Abridged from the N. Y. Freeman's Journal.*]

2. Dr. Ives, the late Protestant Bishop of North Carolina, has reached New York in good health.

3. Dr. Wainwright, late "Provisional Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the diocese of New York," died recently in that city. He was an amiable man and fine *belles-lettres* scholar. The Rev. Horatio Potter, D. D., of Albany, has been chosen to succeed him. This election brings about the very singular state of things, that the Episcopal dioceses of New York and Philadelphia are or were held by two brothers (Drs. Onderdonk), both of whom are suspended from their office, while their places are filled by two other brothers (Drs. Potter) either permanently or provisionally.

4. The Rt. Rev. Bishop of BUFFALO has issued a request to his flock that no more than five carriages shall accompany a corpse to the church or cemetery. — The Rt. Rev. Bp. McGILL preaches the pastoral retreat this year in Cincinnati. — The Rev. Mr. Barry, of Augusta, voluntarily came to Savannah to take part in the perilous duties of attending the sick of the yellow fever. He is the same priest who in 1832 gave up his house as a cholera hospital, and afterwards turned it into an asylum for the orphans made by the pestilence. — The Very Rev. Fr. Acolti, S. J., of the mission West of the Rocky Mountains, has returned from Europe, with one Jesuit father and five Sisters of Notre Dame, for the diocese of San Francisco. — The Rev. N. P. Gallagher, formerly Pastor of Loretto, has returned from Europe with five clergymen (and a promise of three more), eight Sisters of Mercy from Kinsale, and five Presentation Nuns from Middleton, (Cloyne), all for his important mission in San Francisco. Mr. Gallagher has also succeeded in placing thirteen students in different colleges, most of them at All Hallows.

5. The Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore, accompanied by his Secretary, the Rev. Thomas Foley, and the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Pittsburg, sailed for Europe on Saturday, October 14th, in the steamer Atlantic. The Most Rev. Archbishop of New York and the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Buffalo had sailed in the Canada on the previous Wednesday. The Rt. Rev. Bishop of Philadelphia sailed in the steamer of the 21st. The Most Rev. and Rt. Rev. Prelates are understood to have been invited to Rome to partake in the deliberations and solemnities connected with the so-eagerly-expected dogmatic definition in regard to the Immaculate Conception of our Blessed Lady. May Mary, conceived without sin, the august Patroness of our country, watch over its Bishops on this voyage whose object is her honor!

The Rev. Mr. McNally takes the place of Mr. Foley in the Cathedral of Baltimore.

6. Ordinations.

DIOCESE OF PITTSBURG: Friday in Ember Week, Sept. 22, at the Chapel of St. Xavier's Academy, Johnstown. By the Rt. Rev. Bp. O'CONNOR. Sacred Order of Priesthood — Revs. John B. O'Connor and John C. Farren.

7. Religious Receptions.

On Wednesday, Sept. 27, in the Cathedral of St. Paul, Providence, R. I. The Rt. Rev. Bishop O'REILLY gave the white veil and habit of Our Lady of Mercy to Miss Donahoe (in religion Sister Mary Cecilia Xavier), daughter of Mr. Patrick Donahoe, the proprietor of the *Boston Pilot*, and to Miss Morgan (Sister Mary Catharine Xavier).

On Monday, Oct. 2, Feast of the Holy Guardian Angels, in the Convent of the Sisters of St. Joseph's, at McSherrytown, the Rt. Rev. Bishop NEUMANN gave the veil to Miss Walker (Sister Mary Xavier), Miss Wood (Sister Mary Louisa), Miss Daly (Sister Mary Rosalie), Miss Reilly (Sister Mary Gabriel), Miss Schmeltzer (Sister Mary Euphrasia).

8. Churches.

A new and beautiful church at Brookline, near Boston, was dedicated on Sunday, Sept. 24, by the Rt. Rev. Bp. FITZPATRICK. — The corner-stone of a new church was laid in Sugar Ridge, Pa., on the 27th July, and the following churches were blessed by the Bishop of Philadelphia, during his late visitation: — St. Mary Magdalen, Honesdale, June 15; St. Andrew, Apostle, Blossburg, July 18; St. John Nepomucene, Susquehanna, Aug. 13; St. Bartholomew, Patterson, Sept. 6; B. Virgin Mary, Hamburg, Sept. 24. — A bell, weighing nearly 200 pounds, dedicated to the Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin Mary, was blessed by the Rt. Rev. Bp. NEUMANN, at Eden Hall (Academy and Convent of the Sacred Heart) on Wednesday, Oct. 4.

9. Riots.

It is a sad thing that we are compelled to keep a standing head for riots against either Catholics or foreigners, in the model-republic of the United States. One of these disgraceful affairs came off in New Orleans recently, in which three persons were killed and five or six wounded. The disorder continued for several days, with intermissions of violence, before it was quelled by the authorities.

A shameful outrage has occurred at Ellsworth, Maine. A Catholic Priest, and one noted for the excellence and devotion of his character, was seized by ruffians, stripped of his garments, rode on a rail and otherwise indecently treated, and finally tarred and feathered. It was reported that the Reverend sufferer in this infamous assault had died in consequence. This, however, turned out to be a mistake. It is fair to add that the press and the respectable portion of the community expressed their abhorrence of the act perpetrated by a band of the lowest ruffians; but it must be taken, after all, as a simple result of the inflammatory and calumnious publications, and the attempted proscription, for which a far more intelligent class are responsible. The Rev. Mr. Bapst, the object of this outrage, doubtless, with the true feeling of the priest of God, rejoices that he has been "accounted worthy to suffer reproach for the name of Jesus."

10. Obituary.

The Rt. Rev. FRANCIS XAVIER GARTLAND, D. D., Bishop of Savannah, Ga., died on the 20th Sept. at 11½ A. M., of yellow fever, which is raging there as an epidemic. Bishop Gartland was a native of Dublin, but his parents brought him to this country in infancy. He was educated at Mt. St. Mary's, was ordained priest in 1832, at Philadelphia, where he succeeded the present Archbishop Hughes as pastor of the cathedral, and was Vicar-General of the diocese until he was consecrated Bishop of Savannah in 1850. He was in the 49th year of his age, and fell a martyr to his holy zeal and fidelity.

The Rt. Rev. EDWARD BARRON, D. D., died at Savannah, Ga., on the 12th September. He was the brother of Sir Henry Winton Barron, of Waterford, Ireland. He studied at the Propaganda, and a few years after emigrated to America, where he was pastor of St. Mary's, Philadelphia, President of the Seminary, and Vicar-General. The Holy See having desired that two missionaries should be sent to Liberia, he volunteered, and with the Rev. John Kelly, now of Jersey City, embarked for Cape Palmas, in December, 1841. After a short stay, he visited Rome, where he was raised to the Episcopal dignity, and made Vicar-Apostolic. He returned to Africa, with seven or eight clergymen, almost all of whom fell victims to the climate. Having again visited Rome, he, by the advice of his friends, transferred the arduous duties of this mission to a society of French clergymen devoted expressly to the interests of the colored race. He returned to America in 1845, declined accepting the charge of a diocese, and devoted himself to the missionary labors in Philadelphia, at St. Louis, and in Florida. He came north in July, to avoid the extreme heat, but returned prematurely, and reaching Savannah during the raging of the yellow fever, devoted himself to the sick, till he was confined to his bed in the house of the Bishop. The hurricane of the 8th carried away part of the roof, so that he was obliged to be removed to the house of a respectable citizen, where he died, aged 52. — [*Cath. Mir. abridged*].

The Rev. Father SALMON, C. SS. R., died at New Orleans on the 6th of September, aged 38, of the prevailing epidemic. Father Salmon was a native of the diocese of Mans, in France, was only two years a priest, and had resided in this country only since January last.

Died at Savannah, 17th Sept., of the epidemic, Sister MARY STANISLAUS.

On the 28th Sept. in Mobile, at the residence of the Rt. Rev. Bp. Portier, his nephew, the Rev. J. M. PORTIER, in the 44th year of his age. He was a native of the diocese of Lyons, France, where he was educated in the diocesan seminary. In 1837, soon after his ordination, he came to the U. S., where he labored with untiring zeal on the mission, for great part of the time being Pastor of Pensacola. During the latter years he was Chaplain of the Visitation Convent, Mobile.

On the 13th Sept., at St. Joseph's Academy, Dubuque Co., Sister MARY PHILOMENA MELLIN, aged 27. Thirteen years of her life were spent as a Sister of Charity.

The Rev. Fathers Cointet and Curley, two of the Priests of the Holy Cross, at the University of *Notre Dame du Lac*, Ind. Father Curley died on the 7th; Father Cointet on the 19th Sept., both of dysentery. Father Cointet had labored ten years on the mission. [*Cath. Vin.*]

At the Convent of Bertrand, Mich., two Sisters of the Holy Cross.

II. LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Messrs. Murphy & Co. will issue early in November the Life of St. Alphonsus Liguori, by one of the Redemptorist Fathers. We are informed that it will be a 12mo volume of about 600 pages, with a portrait of the Blessed Liguori on steel. This is a valuable accession to our literature, as the only English Life of this eminent Saint hitherto existing, is in five volumes.

NOTE. — The *Propagateur Catholique*, which is set down in the article on "Catholic Journalism" as having commenced in 1844, claims a more advanced age by two years,

dating from 1842. "We ought to know," says the editor, "*car nous y étions*. The *Propagateur* is doubtless not one of the oldest Catholic journals in the United States, but its editor is probably one of the oldest Catholic editors; at least, we believe that there are few of such who have devoted themselves for twelve years, without interruption, to the editorship of the same journal." Any errors of fact in regard to our periodical literature, which may hereafter mislead the historians who consult our pages, we of course hasten to correct. And we are here reminded of an error of our own in criticizing the pathetic and vigorous story of "The Cross and Shamrock," which was pointed out to us by the author of "Kate O'Connor," some time ago, in a communication which we forgot to notice. We charged the author of "The Cross and Shamrock," with introducing a character at the end of the tale, which was not mentioned in the beginning, although artistically it ought to have been; this was our own mistake, and we fear that we must plead having read somewhat too eagerly the initial chapters of our friend's work.

III. SECULAR INTELLIGENCE.

On Tuesday, Sept. 26, the District Court of the United States at Baltimore concluded two cases, of more than usual interest, with reference to the rights of immigrants.

The 4th Section of the Act of Congress, of May, 1848, to regulate vessels engaged in the transportation of passengers to this country, provides that every such vessel shall have on board, at the time of sailing, 60 gallons of fresh water well secured under the deck, for each passenger, exclusive of what is provided for the crew, and that during the voyage each passenger shall be served with three quarts daily; and if any such vessel shall leave port with a less quantity, and at any time during the voyage, the passengers shall be put on a shorter allowance, the master or owner shall pay every person three dollars a day for the whole time they were put on such short allowance.

This case occurred; the libellants were admitted to have been on short allowance for three weeks, but the respondent answered that the required quantity of water had been on board the vessel at the time of sailing, and owing to rough weather had leaked away. The Court decided that the respondent was bound to *prove*, by positive evidence, that such was the case, and as none was adduced, decided in favor of the libellants. The damages which the owners of the ship (*the Scotia*) had to pay amounted to \$1,932. This decision is of vast importance to the much injured class of immigrants, and it is to be hoped that the other provisions of our humane law will be carried out with equal justice. These suits were brought under the auspices of the "Irish Social and Benevolent Society of Baltimore," and the U. S. District Attorney, Wm. Meade Addison, Esq., who conducted them, is entitled to the public gratitude for the skilful zeal which brought them to a successful conclusion.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

With the present number our editorial connection with the *Metropolitan* terminates. A portion of the matter for the December number will be contributed by us, but the editorial responsibilities will then and in future be in other hands. It has for some time been our intention to retire from the *Metropolitan* at the close of the current year, and we have, therefore, learned with lively satisfaction, that the publishers have succeeded in making arrangements for supplying our place, which the pressure of other and indispensable engagements rendered it impossible for us to fill any longer without causing great inconvenience both to them and to ourselves.

In other respects, it is, we own, painful to part with *Maga*. We are sorry to lose that monthly communication, so friendly, so confidential, with so many sympathizing minds and hearts; and still more gravely do we feel the relinquishment, at the plain call of Providence (it is true) of a task, a duty, laborious and often less successful than our hopes, but which we believed and believe to have been a useful task, and a duty imposed by the Master whom all serve.

J. V. HUNTINGTON.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.—The Publishers are pleased to announce, that in the retirement of Dr. Huntington, the Editorial duties of the *Metropolitan* will be discharged in future by a committee of literary gentlemen, consisting of a clergyman and two laymen. By this arrangement they feel assured that the public may rely, with the utmost confidence, on the care and judgment that will be exercised in providing for the work a fund of literary entertainment of the most wholesome, pleasing, and useful character.

The arrangements, which have been heretofore made with several of the leading Catholic writers of the country for the regular contributions, will be continued, and no reasonable expense will be spared to render the work worthy of the continued favor and support of the Catholic community.